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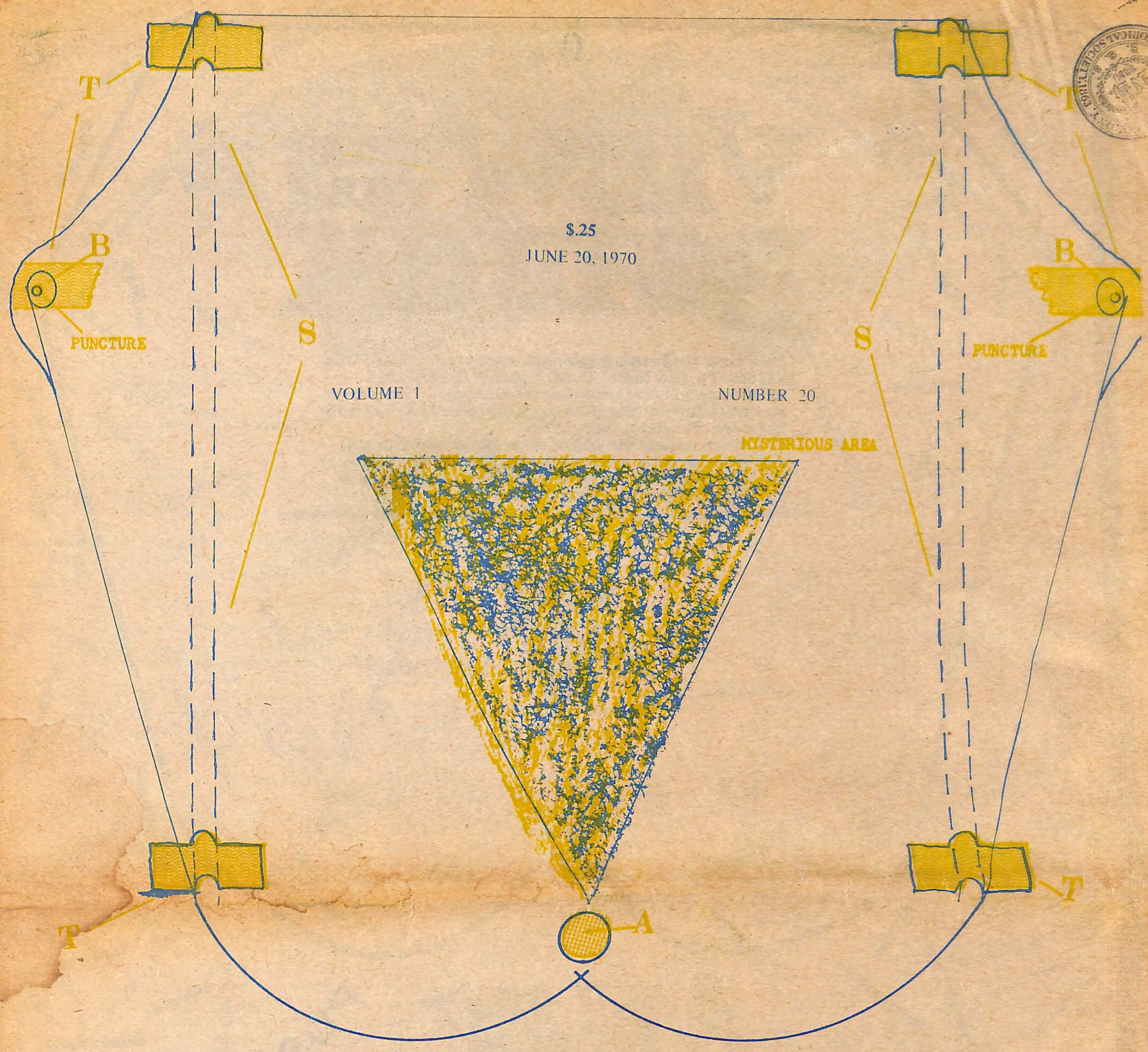


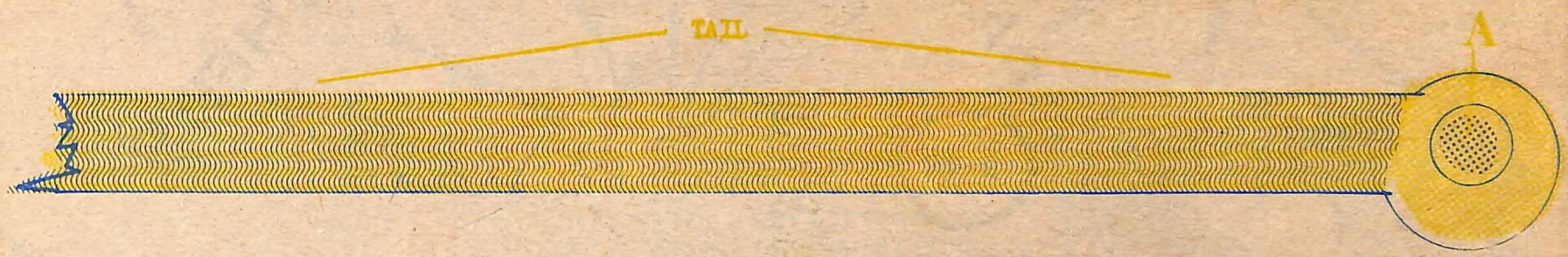


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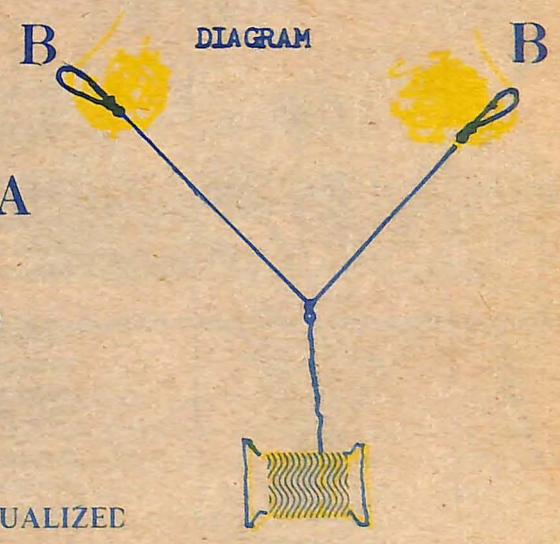


VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

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# VIEW FROM THE BOTTOM

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# PAPER PUSHERS

BY WU

Marcell

BLACK MUSTARD

DANDELION

**Creamed dandelion:** Boil one quart of young leaves, strain and chop. Save the water. Make a sauce by melting a tablespoon of butter, and mixing in a tablespooon of flour, as well as some salt and pepper. Slowly add the water in which the dandelions have been cooked. Stir in the chopped dandelion leaves. You can serve them with fried croutons and sour cream.

**Sautéed dandelion:** Sauté dandelion leaves in a pan with 3 tablespoons of melted oil or butter. Fry about 10 minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

**Boiled dandelion.** Make the same way as plantain, below.

**Dandelion salad:** Make it with any dressing you like. Use only young leaves.

**Sorrel soup:** Cook approximately 1 lb. of sorrel with 2 cups of diced potato in salted water for about 30 minutes. Mash it through a strainer, or use a food mill or blender. Put back on stove and slowly add a tablespoon of flour dissolved in a cup of sweet cream. Cook for 10 minutes. Serve with sour cream.

Lamb's Quarters Fritters: Boil one quart of lamb's quarters. Strain them and chop. Add one tablespoon of butter, two egg yolks, tablespoon of grated parmesan, some nutmeg and some salt. Mix well and leave to cool. When almost ready to serve, add beaten egg whites. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot deep fat or oil. Fry till golden on both sides.

Boiled lamb's quarters: Pick only the young leaves from plants less than one foot high. Boil them for about 10 minutes. Drain and season with lemon, butter and salt. Fry just long enough to dry out slightly and allow the seasoning to permeate them.

Boiled wild mustard: You can pick the lower leaves from any of the ten species of wild mustard. Boil them for about 30 minutes. Strain and season with butter, salt and lemon.

Boiled plantain: Boil young leaves for about 10 minutes. Drain and season them with butter and salt, then fry them just long enough to allow the seasoning to permeate them.

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SHEEP SORREL

Article for View From the Bottom on FELLINI SATYRICON.

Stopping in the New Haven Green to get a few words off on the subject.

Not quite like seeing God in person, but - ah - I imagine that would be a very similar experience; maybe a little more intense.

I've gotta say everthing and anything that comes into my head about - about this thing that I'm thinking about - this movie called FELLINI SATYRICON.

You see, this article could be about a particular film or it could be about a particular director, ie. Fellini. It could be about writing. It could be about criticism. I don't know. I wonder about people writing about things. I wonder - maybe people should just go see them. Maybe people should just go watch the fucking movie. But then I don't know. But then we need the copy.

I can say one thing. It's an extraordinary movie.

You know the stuff in EIGHT AND A HALF, Fellini - - you kept falling - you kept falling into little dream worlds. The dream world kept getting mixed up with the so-called reality. Modern man etc. on the street; like we experience it - like riding on a bus. Well he kept falling into his childhood. He kept falling into his wishes and he kept falling into his dreams. The whole thing got mixed up and you came out of that film with a kind of understanding - all that stuff somehow was equally real. But you still had the sense that like there was a - a division somewhere; that it wasn't all part of the same world. It was all real, but it was all different. I only saw JULIET once (I must have seen EIGHT AND A HALF a thousand times). I only saw JULIET once but there again you got the sense that there was some kind of - that there was a dotted line running through the middle of the film. Running through the middle of everything. What was real and what wasn't real; or what was one kind or reality and what was another kind of reality.

SATYRICON is just.... The whole problem disappears.... It just disappears completely. The film starts and you get dropped into the middle of Fellini's head and like you don't get out until the film is over.

No direct reference to the modern world. You're confronted by a little door; and the door says FANTASY on it, right? And you open the little door very timidly and you keep closing it and you open it and close it like.... This guy finally opens the door and goes into the room and discovers that, like, it's not just one room but it's a whole fucking house. And he goes into the house and he gets lost and he discovers there's no way out because the whole fucking house is like.... it's a whole fucking world. It's as big and as broad and as exterme and as beautiful as the world he just left. And it's just as real. It's just as real; you never come back from it. You never come back from it.

I'm writing this now and I'm not there, because if I were there I would be in it and I would be making it and I wouldn't be talking about it. And I'm talking about it which means like I'm looking through a pane of glass, which is a very strange place to be. You know: window shopping. When you see that film, you're not window shopping.

You're there.

And you may later have objections to the.... A friends of mine said that Fellini was really indulging himself; you know, in his own head. Well, I like his head, so I think that's cool.

This is a little like sitting in New Haven writing about Chicago. Or like thinking about Chicago and then going to Chicago and looking around and then coming back to New Haven and writing about Chicago. I'm not - you're not *there*, when you're writing about it. Maybe something'll come through all this, on the New Haven Green with my shirt off and the sky's really blue and I'm watching the traffic and I'm trying to think about FELLINI SATYRICON.

*It's real, man.. It's as real as this is. Only I know it's a goddam piece of tape - I mean film, you know. I know it's something – somebody made it up. You know; it's art. Somebody made it up but it's real. It's about as real as is can be. Not* because it's not fantasy, but because the fantasy is so complete. It runs – I mean – because you experience it. You experience it. You experience all if it. You experience it constantly. You drop into it. And you are there; you're living in it. Until you....until you....until like - you either leave the theater or he lets you out again by stoping his film. And that's how it ends; it just stops. That's why it's real; because it's a total experience.

It's incredible theater. Like good theater. I think good theater for me is when.... when you get into something and then like.... all of it reminds you of.... of *it*, and *it* only, and doesn't keep taking you away. You get inside it. Like all Fellini's other films are like.... ah.... You keep dropping out of the film. You keep dropping out here and you drop out there. You go back to somebody's childhood. You go into somebody's fantasy. He's no even sure where exactly he wants to put you or send you. He's always sending you on trains and the trains are never going anywhere. Finally he's made a film where like - he puts you on this fucking train, man, and, and, and.... you get on the train.... and, and you're not even on the train anymore. You're on a whole trip. You're just somewhere else all of a sudden. You don't even have to wait to get there. You're just there.

If you listen to this babble – you know – carefully, maybe you can make something of it.

A thousand years. Go back a thousand years. Everybody go back a thousand years. We're still people. We still have pricks, and we still have feet, and we still have noses, and we still have assholes and faces and all that stuff. We're still.... we're still people. But like go back a thousand years. Change everything – just a little bit. And you.... it.... it.... it's another world. Nothing changes much. What makes it real is that everything changes. Everything changes - completely just a little bit. But everything is affected. Everything. Like tripping. Love. Like once you're inside it, you don't have to understand it, you don't have to write about it, you don't have to talk about it. Because you're there.

You start thinking about it, you know, analytic ally, like, you know, in terms of whether he should have done that or not. I mean, who has a right to say that? You're talking about mirror images. You're not talking about the thing anymore. It's ok though. That's like what I'm doing now, and that's a trip in itself. The most impressive thing about the film is like - you'll understand it if you've ever tripped, or if you've fallen in love. Like think about before you fell in love and then think about after. Think about before you tripped and think about when you were tripping. *Think about when you were outside the theater and think about when you got plugged into the fucking movie. It's very real.. Fellini* was always very confused before about.... about that, I mean.... He never knew exactly.... he was always getting himself into five or six different worlds all at once. And he kept reminding you of all the different worlds, like he kept reminding you so that everything was fantasy. But once having decided that like "that's where I am.", you know, and saying, "Ok. Here I am." It's like the difference between a real kind of love affair and just chasing a lot of different people around Chasing a lot of people around is cool, that's one kind of trip. But....

Ed Askew

*The PIG OINKS at HUNGRY CHARLEY'S*

*Last Friday, June 5, 1970, I was sitting in Hungry Charley's rapping, singing, drinking, having a fine time. It was about 9:30 when my fine time was terminated. The managers were throwing all the people out; one of the employees received a phone call about a bomb. So it Goes.*

*The people co-operated and promptly left with their mugs of beer into the street. A paddy wagon and pigs greeted them. Amoung the barrage of pigs was Otha Buffalo. My friends took one look and grabbed my hand and took me away from the scene. As I was leaving I heard shouts fromt the pigs, "Disperse or you'll be arrested."*

*My curiosity has led me to write this article to show that this so-called bomb scare was an excuse for the pigs to invade the community and oink at the people. This hoax was definitly pig oriented.*

*I noticed there was no bomb squad, nor fire engines. A thorough search was not conducted if any search was conducted at all.*

*After I left, perhaps about 10:00pm, a friend of mine was relieving himself of too much beer. Immediately Buffalo and a comrade apprehended him and placed him a car. Now this person had a buddy who yelled to the people, "hey, that ain't right. They can't do that." Otha ran over and said, "You got something to say to me, boy? You're under arrest!" At the same time the man in the car, who was busted for urinating, fled toward Elm Street. Buffalo ran after him with a gun and fired a shot. Otha gave no warning. He caught up with the fugative, hit him with his gun, and shouted, "Don't do that again or I'll blow you brains out!"*

*In the confusion, the fugative's buddy broke loose and ran after Buffalo. At the same time, a bystander who didn't know that plain-clothed Buffalo was a pig, ran to the fugative's aid. This person was arrested too, for breach of the peace. All the guys were arrested for breach of peace. The person who was hit also has a count of resisting arrest.*

*This is a prime example of pig power and how they play their games. The people of New Haven should note that when Yale goes home the law will come down over our heads real heavy. This incident is a sample of what will be this summer. Are we going to let it happen?*

*ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE* Mary McCarthy

# REVOLUTIONARY LOVE

Homosexuals are an oppressed minority in Amerikan society. Amerika has forced us -- I speak particularly of male homosexuals, because I am one -- into urban ghettos, almost the only place where we can find one another, and into the few jobs and professions where we can get by. We meet in dimly-lit, dehumanizing gay bars; at private parties; or on the streets, where we have been beaten and murdered, and arrested by plainclothes pigs who entrap us. Often we never meet, struggling with the "burden" of our homosexuality in isolated despair. If we do come out to each other. most of us are compelled to lead double lives, at the cost of loss of jobs, housing, and contact with a vast portion of the human race.

We hide and torment ourselves because this society says we are "sick" and to varying degrees we believe it. Amerika allows us to live only one way, in penance and shame for our "unnatural" natures. Accepting in one way or another what Amerika says about us, we feel powerless to fight, and become slaves of what straight society calls our unchangeable "human nature" nature."

The Gay Liberation Front of New Haven has been formed to fight the enslaving bullshit that Amerika has rammed into us. We are following the example of the Third World and Women's Liberation Movements, in rejecting what we are told we must be, and fighting for an alternative to this oppressive society. We know that *we are not sick*. Beyond all the Freudian rot about our mothers and fathers, and the phony masculine myths of our inadequacies, lies something that bullshit theories can't explain away: we *like* making love with people of the same sex. We feel good and whole making love, We want to remain homosexual.

Homosexuality, folks, is the ability to relate sexually and spiritually to someone of the same sex. Human beings need to unite with other human beings, and homosexuals unite with people who have the same genitals. That's a great thing, and we who are homosexual, and groove on each other, have nothing to hide or escape.

People who are petrified of us (especially men), and who put us down, are off the wall. The only thing that is wrong with us is that Amerika won't let us feel right in doing what we must do. Amerika makes homosexuality our problem, and its problem, when homosexuality could be the basis of out pleasure and fulfillment. It is time for us to straighten out straight society.

All human relationships area a mess in Amerika. What else can you expect in a capitalist system? Amerika has everyone competing with each other, putting everybody else down. Competition and its rewards, (money, things, objects, property, a rich husband or wife, lots of alimony) are the economic basis of this society, and how people get the necessities of life (economics) determines in the end the quality of their lives, and how they will relate to each other. People can't relate to each other very well when they are taught to view erery person they meet as a potential competitive threat.

One consequence of capitalism in Amerika is the rigid enforcement of male supremacy. Men are supposed to be strong and dominant, and women weak and passive. The male heterosexual-supremacist model of human relationships, combined with the throat-slashing marketplace of capitalism , reduces us all to objects, to things, with men on top, women on the bottom. You can't have a decent and whole relationship with another person when it's based on keeping one of the people down.

Because this system makes most people powerless (only a few men make the decisions that fundamentally determine the lives of most of the people on this earth), we feel threatened, and kling to the idea that the only way we can retain some control over our lives is by following the basic sexual roles of society. Mew get their power by controling women, and women their worth by making themselves appealing and helpful to men.

Homosexuality, especially proud and bold homosexuality, threatens all the rigidly formulated male heterosexual supremacist nonsense that goes by the name of love. Homosexuality scares straight men, because they think that to be homosexual means to be feminine, on the bottom, passive, not in command. For a man to be homosexualy supposedly means to lose all the power and control (to oppress) that he thinks is central to his existence. To be homosexual means to be incomplete, a traitor to one's sex and to oneself, only half a person.

(I think that homosexuality scares women because they have been trained to think that the only time they can be worthy of life is when they get their strength through men, and in lesbianism men are excluded. I'm not certain -- I'm a male homosexual. We welcome lesbians to write their half of the story and to come to GLF meetings.)

Our homosexuality gives the lie to all the bullshit that peopls cling to so stringly. (Watch straight men look at your fly when you wear you GLF button, and then turn away like they never noticed. You penis is the kiss of death.) death.) Homosexuality, like women's liberation, allows us to reject all the dehumanizing masculine/feminine toles this society forces on people, and to build a new way of relating to each other as equal human beings. It allows us to examine, and to reject, the whole nuclear family structure, which locks woman to man, and children to both, in a box that limits human growth, and perpetuates the authoritarian, male dominated model of human relationships. Homosexual liberation forms the basis for a new way of relating to people, where sex is the natural outcome of feelings you have for another person.

*Homosexuals will no longer tolerate the miserable trip that Amerika puts on us. We demand the right to* stand tall as free human beings. The Gay Liberation Front unites homosexuals to fight for a free society, where where love between people can be a reality. And we join together with all oppressed peoples in the struggle against this materialist, racist, sexist, imperialist country, because we know that we can be free only when all men are free.

Our first task is to get ourselves together. We are going to have to spend a lot of time talking openly to each other about our lives, our doubts, our fears, and our encounters with straight walled fronts called people. *We are going to have to come out,* to confront the rip apart the anti-homosexual notions that even our best friends hold against us. Our strength will come through unity, and through the new relationships we will build with each other. Coming together, we will develop the sense of brotherhood and sisterhood that will give us the strength to emerge from the closets of our oppression. Moving inward, our focus will always be on the goal of moving outward.

Outward to what? In the end we are going to have to take the space that is necessary for our survival. This society gives nothing to people who won't pay the price of self-hatred and life-destroying competitiveness And we will not pay the price, or play the games of straight society. What Amerika will not grant us, we are going to have to take for ourselves.

People get ready, there's a change a comin'.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE

ALL POWER TO GAY PEOPLE

UP THE ASS OF THE RULING CLASS!

New Haven Gay Liberation Front meets Tuesday nights at 7:00 in Dwight Hall ont the (ugh!) Yale Campus between Chapel, Elm, College, and High Streets.

Guy Nassberg

## The Driver Who Said: 'No Change'

CHICAGO (CDN)—A woman who had been told she couldn't pay her bus fare with a $1 bill reacted rather violently to this bit of information, police said.

The woman, identified as Gloria Jean Gray, 21, proceeded to fire a burst from a can of hair spray into the face of the bus driver, Johnnie Pittman, 26, police said.

Then, according to police, she pulled a knife from her purse and forced Pittman, a bus driver five years, from the driver's seat.

As Pittman and 15 passengers fled into the street, Miss Gray, who reportedly had no driver's license, began driving, police said. The bus went about four bus lengths before it hit a parked car, jumped over the curb and stopped.

Miss Gray was charged with armed robbery, negligent driving and having no driver's license.

Chicago Transit Authority bus drivers have no change and riders must pay the exact fare.

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## ROCK & ROLL

BILL LOGAN

Since there have been so many good albums in the past month, let us transform the column ionically and without further achoo into a new releases session:

WOODSTOCK: absolutely beautiful. A three record set, priced for those who could afford the tickets to Woodstock in the first place (and who could?). There are other ways to obtain albums - - and in New York you can get it for $8. There are some problems with the albums, most predominently some sloppy mixing in reducing the movie's four tracks to the albums' two. Overall it is a good cross-section of the festival. See the movie, too - - the Whalley price is lowerthan any other place I've heard of.

WHO: the live concert recorded at the University of Leeds (in England). The Who have always been a visually oriented group, but the album comes close to capturing the dynamism of a Who concert.

DVAE

DAVE MASON: the ex-Traffic singer-guitarist with help from friends Jim Capaldi, Chris Ethridge, Leon Russel, and Delany and Bonnie. One of the few albums which could be judged perfect, ie., every cut is dynamite (LIVE DEAD, BAXTER'S). Incredible. Blue Thumb Records has come up with a process of swirling colored vinyl to make their albums; Mason's album has streams of beige, red, and yellow intermixed, and very freaky to watch in motion.

JEAN LUC PONTY: a talented French electric violinist. Ponty plays Frank Zappa, a rather strangely shaped instrument, and as a mixture of jazz and rock it is unbeatable. The cover is well done, and once over easy.

GRATEFUL DEAD: *Workingman's Dead* may be a hard album to get into if you're a Dead freak. The base is solid country, and the cuts are short. The music, however, is still as sweet as ever, and the album is beautiful. Robert Hunter's lyrics are, as always, out of sight (even though he's hardle Tommy.)

Those five albums are the Cream this month (who, irrelevently, may a) get back together, b) have another post humous album, c) none of these). There are a number of other fine albums, too. Fairport Convention has two albums out, one it two and a half years old, the other a mere six months. That's the fine American record company tradition of delaying an English album until they're ab-zo-loot-lay positive it's gonna be a big boss hit. Cotillion and A&M are at fault (Sn Andreas) this time around (3/5 of a revolution in 10 seconds). Both albums are great. Blodwyn Pig has a good second album. Bonzo Dog Band has a fourth album, and again their English humor, though at times incomprehensible, is always tasty. Poco has a second album, one which no doubt will be far more successful than *Pickin' Up The Pieces*. Twink, ex-drummer for Pretty Things, has a mighty weird album out. We'll Let the Beatles Be.

Crosbystillsnashandyoung(minustaylorandreeves) may/may not be disbarred. I've personally never liked Stills' ego (his monsters from the Id), and it appears that the rest of the group may be coming to the same malocclusion (his teeth are crooked). Taylor and Reeves have been fired, though Reeves is now with Young, who fired Crazy Horse, anon, anon, anon.

To rap it up, by the time you read this there should be a double Bob Dylan album out (but it won't be bootlegged, so maybe no one will recognize it without a white cover). Also, but who cares, B,S,&T.. In the near future you can also expect new Traffic, Santana, Sly, Hendrix, and Stills for Tim Leary, Clapton with Howlin' Wolf (or vice versa), and the Firesign Theater. Far-in.

# FASCIST BULLSHIT

Congressional Pigs are trying to pass a law which will allow the government to blacklist people and create a Gestapo-like investigatory agency to "tighten national security". The bill was introduced by the same pigs who used to run the House Un-American Activities Committee, the people who hassled Pete Seagar and thousands of others in the Fifties. Now they are writing a new law to replace their old one which was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court

The new law will control employment at "defense related" facilities. Only people whose politics, beliefs and actions are agreeable to the Executive Branch (Tricky Dick and his pals) will have access to defense related jobs and facilities.

The act does not just cover employment – it would give the Presidents power to investigate "*any* person or organization". The Secretary of Defense has the power to control access to any highway, vehicle, streetcar or school – by anyone!
Among the supposedly legitimate areas of investigation are "affiliations, associations, behavior, facts and conditions, past and present," Privacy would come to an end, not for employees in what are called "defense related" industries, but for all citizens. They may be investigated regarding anything and everything in their lifetimes, past or present.

According to the bill, an "act of subversion" could include advocating the peaceful, non-violent change of the government through the ballot. Under the language of the bill, demonstrating peacefully or carrying on a labor strike could be defined as "acts of subversion."

The bill prohibits the courts from stopping (enjoining) the denial of security clearance. It states the "administrative remedies" must be exhausted before the courts can act. It does not matter whether the government has a case against the person or not; he or she must be investigated ( in the mean time, denied a job) before any legal action can be taken.

This shifts the burden of proving innocence to the accused, making him or her guilty until proven innocent.

When a person is denied access to a job, he is allowed to "present evidence" in his own behalf. However, the person has no right to cross-examine or confront his accusers if disclosure of their identity would "harm national security."

The people who decide if a person is to be allowed security clearance are the same people who decide if that person should be allowed to cross-examine the accusers, If no cross-examination is allowed, the person denied clearance will be given a summary of the testimony against him – if "security" permits. If security doesn't permit, the person "appealing" his "conviction" will never never know what the charges are against him!

If an officer of Cabinet rank in the government issues the denial of a person's right to employment, the person denied has no right to a hearing.

If a person refuses to answer any questions or refuses to authorize others to release information about him, or refuses to take a psychiatric examination, his appeal will not be processed. His job will be lost without appeal.

Any person subpoenaed to testify under the provisions of this act must answer all questions even is they would tend to incriminate or degrade him The Fifth Amendment is suspended and, instead immunity is to be given as to any criminal charges incurred. A refusal to inform on others could result in a contempt citation.

If this bill becomes law, any person who wants a job connected with any facility designated by the Secretary of Defense, and any person who knows such a person, must be prepared to face total invasion of his privacy and thorough investigation of his life. The bill has already passed the House 274 - 65. It is now in the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. If the bill goes before the the Senate for a vote, it is likely to become law. The Senate has the freedom of all Americans in its hands.

What to do?
HR. 14864 could be killed in the Judiciary Committee. If passed by the Judiciary, it could be killed on the floor of the Senate. The following Senators on the Judiciary Committee might be convinced to vote against this bill. You could write to them. It can't hurt to try.
Sam Ervin, N.C., Robert Griffin, Mich., Hiram Fong, Hawaii, Hugh Scott, Pa., Marlow Cook, Ky., Phil Hart, Mich., Edward Kennedy, Mass., John D. Tydings, Md., ;Quentin Burdick, N.D., C.M.Mathias, Md., Birch Bayh, Ind.

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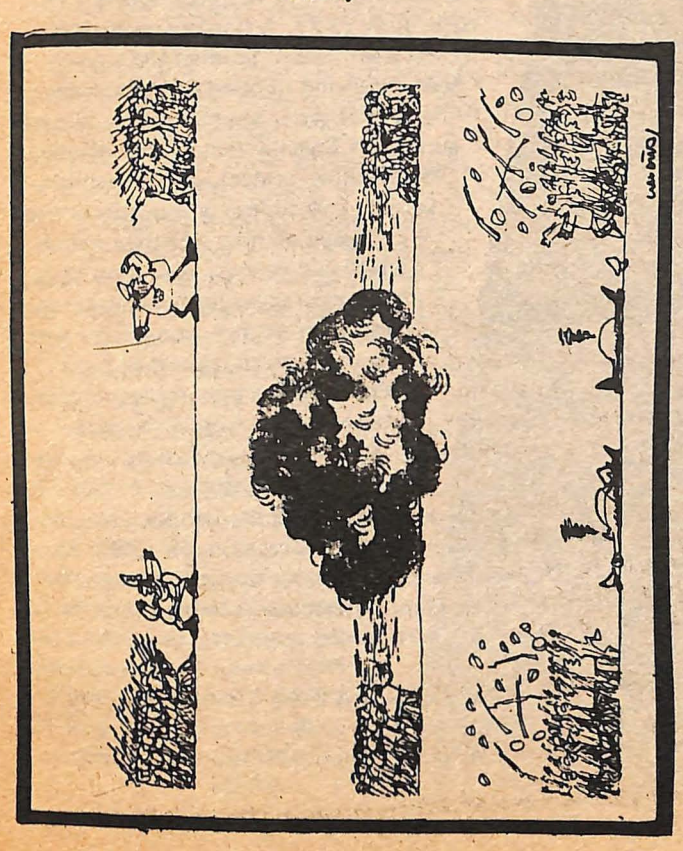
Story by Country

Sometimes a debate goes on in my head whether I should be happy when a lot of suffering is going on all around me. Walking 'cross the green Saturday, Memorial Day – celebrating the living when others were mourning the dead, heard from a friend that Timmy Rogers was stabbed – killed. Friend's thoughts were that there's a lot of suffering going down and that beauty isn't permanent. That it decays and all that is left is suffering and pain. Stabbed – in the heart. That means blood and pain and suffering. No beauty in that. There's no beauty in death. Gone. A Feeling – a spirit is left behind that lives within the living. And the living must struggle to live or the spirit dies. People live and absorb life and give life and when they're dead a little is killed in the living. A wound is formed. It gets to the point that so many wounds have been formed and so much blood has been lost that it doesn't seem worthwhile to go on. That it hurts to think of anything happy and it seems far away. So, to spread the life that the dead have left behind, or the meaning of life is lost, and the shadows that set with the sun will rise – never more.
Country



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Promising to limit their thrust into U.S. territory to not more than 22 and seven-tenths miles, and to withdraw their forces by June 30, a group of Canadian revolutionaries opened a third front on the US-Canadian border on May 9.

The army of a thousand, led by the Northern Lunatic Fringe, (NLF), the Youth International Party, the Vancouver Liberation Front, and the staff of Vancouver's new underground paper, the Yellow Journal, marched past border guards into Blaine, Washington.

It was the first violation of the US-Canadian border since 1812.

The army trashed about $100,000 worth of U.S. property until it pushed back across the border by pigs carrying clubs and unleashing mace and a band of angry local right-wingers.

## GAY LIBERATION

*NEW YORK (LNS) — Thousands of gay activists from the East Coast will converge on New York City June 28 for a mass march and Gay-In to celebrate Christopher Street Liberation Day.*

*In June of 1969, gay people fought back against police who carried out a brutal raid on the Stonewall, Greenwich Village's most popular gay men's bar, located on Christopher Street.*

*The Stonewall Riots, as those summertime confrontations were called, led to the birth of the Gay Liberation Front (GLF). This was the first organization which defined homosexuals as an oppressed group and argued that freedom for homosexuals was linked up to freedom for all victims of capitalism and imperialism — Vietnamese, blacks, Puerto Ricans, women, and all working people.*

*For further information about Christopher Street Liberation Day, write to the Homophile Action League, 1321 Arch St., Room 803, Philadelphia, Pa. 19107.*

On Saturday afternoon May 23rd, two members of the Black Panther Party were driving north from New Haven to pick up milk for the Free Breakfast for children program. As they turned off the exit a Pig which had been following them pulled them over and demanded their license and registration. What appeared to be routine investigation of the papers involved turned out to be a call to their lacky co-workers who arrived in minutes with another pig car and a paddy wagon.

At this point the brother driving was told to step out of the car and was searched and put under arrest. They were taken downtown and booked on phoney charges of improper passing and breach of the peace. While they were in the cell they began educating the other brothers to the hidiousness and hypocrisy of this fascist society and were singing revolutionary songs, when they were maced right there and the chief pig came through pointing his finger at them and set $500 bail on each.

Through incidents like these and the arrest of 4 Black Panther Party members last week while selling papers, on the outrageous charges of indecent exposure, the outright fascism of the repressive system under which we are living exposes itself more and more clearly.

*Revolutionary peoples are imprisoned and physically abused with only a* trumped up minor traffic charge as an excuse. They are shot and murdered because a falling bottle sounds like a gun shot; they are murdered because they are members of the Black Panther Party; they are murdered because they are Black; they are murdered because they are white radicals; they are murdered because they call their governments policies into question and expose them; they are murdered, jailed, harrassed and abused because they are revolutionaries.

## WASHINGTON, D.C. -- (from Helix)

Nixon must think we're coming too close because a new bill, supported by Nixon and introduced by Senators Hruska and Eastland would make it illegal "to utter loud, threatening or abusive language" or engage in "disorderly conduct" in or near a building which has the president inside it.

## A FAIRY CAN BUST YOU

There is a new drug called "Angel Dust" or "Fairy Dust" that is getting a pretty heavy reputation (and is extremely high-priced). It's usually made of spearmint leaves, or some other kind, and sprayed with animal tranquilizers.

It only takes two or three hits of this stuff to get you stoned. What a lot of people don't know is that it can cause irreversible brain damage in anyone who uses it for as short a time as two months.

Some people have been known to do some pretty dangerous things after using this drug for even a short time. THIS IS A WARNING:

*Don't use "Angel Dust" or "Fairy Dust." Somebody is trying to fuck* you over if they give or try to sell it to you.

**---The People's Walrus**

## DEATH FOR MARIJUANA

The Bakersfield (Cal.) City Council has voted a death sentence for a second conviction for selling marijuana or illegal drugs. The action is not expected to have any direct legal effect, since felony legislation has been preempted by the state.

Councilman Robert Whitemore, who introduced the legislation, said, "Unless severe measures are taken an entire generation will be destroyed by dope." Whitemore acknowledged the unenforceability of the ordinance but said "It has the value of notifying the legislature of the city's strong feelings about dope."

Mayor Hart said the ordinance would stiffen the attitude of the courts. Councilman Heisey, who earlier this month presented a bill to banish personages from the city, said, "These dopers need to be put away for good. Let's put a little fear into these people."

The measure passed by a 6 to 1 vote. The one dissenting councilman said he agreed with the proposal in principal, but feared that juries may acquit dopers because of the severity of the penalty.

Bakersfield has long had the reputation for giving the most severe marijuana penalties in the nation. Some people feel that the new city council action is an effort to regain the city's reputation, which is tarnished by the 35 year sentence recently handed out in Tuskogee, Okla.

Even the ultra-conservative **Bakersfield Californian** was surprised by the action. The **Californian** commented in its editorial, "It is shocking indeed, when supposedly responsible public officials advocate putting hundreds of thousands of citizens to death. If we are to believe the experts on the extent of marijuana use, it must be concluded that literally hundreds of thousands of people are involved in California in selling pot."

**---Berkeley Tribe**

## YIPPIES DENIED BOMBING PERMIT

(UPS) What with all the bombings going on, like the ones recently of Mobil, IBM, and Sylvania headquarters in New York, some crazies have attempted to channel their bombings constructively.

However, in their first dealing with the city of Detriot, under the heavy hand of Roamin' S. Gribbs, the Youth International Party was recently denied a permit to demolish the General Motors Building.

The Parkin' Meter Yippies requested the permit "so as not to inconvenience anyone who might wish to be using the building." Citing the many ecological, political, and social offenses committed by General Motors on the peoples of the world, the Yippies respectfully requested the permit one Tuesday last month.

It was denied to next Thursday.

Thanks to Frank Abbot of the Detroit *South End* (UPS)

# ROACHES

## NO DDT BAN
(from Helix, April 16)

There is no DDT ban. Senator Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin says the Nixon Administration has " created the impression that the DDT ban was already a reality" but "no single use of DDT in the U.S. has been stopped."

## NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL CONFERENCE

High School students will be getting their shit together on the national level in Chicago, June 22-27. A Conference for a National High School Student Union has been organized to bring pressure against the evils of today's systems of public ed-education. Specific targets will include the 'tracking' system, which channels people into college or industry or the army based on how well they match a white middle class definition of intelligence; racism in the schools, oppression of women, complicity with the military, and denial of basic legal rights to minors. There'll be buses leaving from New York, June 21, costing $28 round trip. For bus information, call 212-691-2955 and ask for Toby or write Some Church, 5655 Southern University, Chicago, Ill. National co-ordination for the program is being done by High School Student Union, 2214 Grove Street Berkeley, California, 94704

# C R :

When I was seven years old my favorite color was red. My parents told me I would grow up and prefer quieter things. "Never," I said. "Never," they said, "is a long time."

Even a stopped clock is right twice a day.

Twelve hours is a long time.

When I was seventeen years old, a junior in High School in upstate New York, I ran for President of the Student Council. My slogan was "The grass grows greener on Paul's Lawn", It won for me, even though my opponent, named Victor Siegle, retorted with "Cut Lawn's grass with Vic's sickle."

Because I was scorer for the football, basketball and baseball teams I was assured the jock vote, which was what really counted.

Jocks were the big heros in the school. They got all the fast girls. We started thinking about Friday's football game on Wednesday. On Friday, we all wore our letter sweaters, and nobody thought of anything but the game. If we won, we had a victory parade through the streets of town that stopped traffic for half an hour.

My first act as President was to call in the Director of Athletics to our meeting when the Council wanted to cut the Boys' Athletic Association appropriation by $50. The Director happened to be my next door neighbor. The council ended up cutting the dramatics budget by 25% instead of the athletic budget by 3%.

I was the first Student Council Presidential candidate ever to present a platform of specific proposals. I was considered a flaming reformer because I wanted to open Council meetings to the student body, start a foriegn exchange program, and revise the Constitution so that students not on the council could run for office.

Our principal, a 6'9" goon, who, like the dinosaurs, had a brain the size of a pea, was opposed to having foriegn students in his school. His idea of a good school was a "tight ship" where everybody stayed in line, managed to get by, and where the football and basketball teams won at least eighty per cent of their games to bring undying glory to dear old CHS. He had pitched for the New York Giants and had played professional basketball for the Syracuse Nationals. These were clearly the high points of his life.

I gradually got hip to the athletic tyranny, even though I continued to be statistician for all the teams. We had a custom where basketball players got into mixers in the gym free after games. A wrestler came to me and asked that his team be accorded the same privilege. I brought the matter before the council which promptly tabled it. Acting out of some rudimentary sense of democracy, I lobbied amoung council members for two weeks until the matter came up again. This time the council barely but miraculously voted to abolish free mixers for everyone. The first mixer after the vote just happened to be sponsored by the Student Council. The jocks boycotted it. But eventually they forgave me. I was still the only person who could figure out their batting averages in my head instantly. And I still got on the PA system and exhorted everyone to go to the games.

I had some embryonic sense of student power in 1964, but when I was late to study hall and made to stay in detention for 45 minutes, I didn't know any better than to comply dourly even though I could have had the whole student body behind me if I'd made an issue of it. I allowed myself to be sweet-talked into compliance by the teacher who "wanted to be friends."

Our idea of defying school authority was holding a pizza party in the vice principal's office after she had gone home and entrusted us with the key, or sneaking something sexy past her censorship into the school paper.

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## HIGH SCHOOL STRIKE

REMEMBER SPRING PLANTING!!

During the May Day Rally in New Haven, I was listening to the speeches with some other high school students. When they made the announcement that the National Student Strike would include high school students, we immediately realized it would be hopeless to attempt a continuous strike in our schools. So some of us started talking about getting together one day local strike-rallies to show our support for the national thing.

On Wednesday, May 13, 125 students from Guilford, Clinton, and Branford had an all day rally on the Guilford green, with speakers, films, and discussion.

In addition to supporting the National Strike Demands, students wrote a series of high school student rights demands. This caused a bit of confusion because some students couldn't understand why we were striking when we hadn't even tried getting these rights through the Student Council! There are a lot of things such people *couldn't* understand. At the top of the sheet it said "These demands are for all high schools. After all, why shouldn't we all have equal rights?"

Fortunately, some schools already have many of these rights. For example, in N.Y.C. students are supposed to be allowed the use of school materials and equipment to print leaflets. One school on Long Island has a free school in which students are allowed to teach courses during study halls. They have 9 periods. Students of course do not receive credits for these classes, but they are allowed to miss an unlimited number of regular classes to attend the free school.

These demands are general goals, they are not specific directions. Specific regulations must be worked out with each school.

STUDENT RIGHTS

These demands are for all High Schools. After all, why shouldn't we all have equal rights?

I. We demand that all schools permit and encourage total, unrestricted freedom of speech. This means:

1. The right to sell and distribute literature within the school.
2. The right for students to organize and present assembly programs during school.
3. The right for *students* to *teach* courses during school on any subject of interest to students.

II. We demand an end to arbitrary disciplinary justice. Detention, suspension, and expulsion are all serious punishments which intrude into the private life of the student. To justify punishment, the disciplinarian must state in writing *what the student has done to impair the educational process.* The student must then be given 24 hours to respond to the accusations before any punishment is assigned.

III. School should seek to broaden the student's horizon, not restrict it. The purpose of school is education, not indoctrination.

Discipline should be used as a means of social cooperation for the benefit of all. School rules should be designed to facilitate the educational process, and should minimally interfere with other matters. In other words, no dress codes!

These demands are hardly unreasonable. In theory, student freedom of speech was guaranteed in the famous Tinker case ruling by the Supreme Court. However, in practice, most schools do their best to discourage and restrict this inalienable right. A common trick is to forbid students from selling literature, even though this is permitted of the official school publications. But students can seldom afford to give it away free. Thus, with a few more regulations forbidding "anything offensive to anyone", student freedom of speech ceases to be a problem.

FIASCO AT MORGAN HIGH

During homeroom on the day after the high school strike, Avery, the principal at Morgan high school (Clinton-Killingworth) suspended three students who attended the rally without parental permission. 17 students immediately gathered in the lobby to protest. Avery told them they would be suspended for 5 days if they did not return to class immediately. 'All right, suspend us', the students replied, and they were suspended. By the end of 2nd period there were 52 students in the lobby, all suspended! Avery suggested a meeting in the gym. About 500-700 students came to the gym to listen to Avery and the students argue. The suspensions were cancelled (some say because students from a band exchange with another school were about to arrive).

In a meeting after school students presented demands to Joel (the superintendent) and Avery. They took the demands and told the students to "get out". Also, 18 students (selectively chosen from the Morgan 52) were re-suspended for 15 days to indefinitely.

A petition is presently being circulated among the parents. Possible court action is being planned.

# ZOO

*Classified ads in VFB are free to individuals. For commercial establishments, they are $.50/line.*

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Need a ride to Colorado in June. Call Patti. 288-2919

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GOING TO CANADA TO AVOID THE DRAFT? You need the new March, 1970 edition of "Immigration to Canada and its Relation to the Draft and Military". Single copies free from the Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters, Case Postale 5, Succarsale, Westmount, Montreal 215, Quebec, Canada.

Roommate wanted. Call Joe. 562-0878

Looking for female roommate to share townhouse in Hamden near New Haven town line. Rent $90/month. Call Linda Cobb. 562-2030

Lots of people want to start free high schools. We're doing it, but it takes a little money to get us started. If you can spare some, send it to the Alternate School, c/o 99 Garfield Ave, Hamden, Ct. 06517. (If you have any other kind of help to give, call Sally at 288-7386.)

If anyone knows kids in the band called "SWAN", tell them Becki and Patty of Naugatuck say 'Hi'.

For Sale - 1965 Fiat 4-door sedan, $350. Call Don Johnson, 787-3221

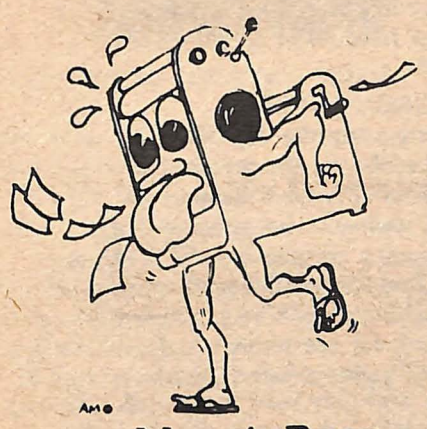
Harley Sprint 250cc., chopped, '67. Call Gay Campbell, 624-0914 after 6:00.

get the ED ASKEW record, i recommend it: e. a.

**********

*We celebrate the love of Joanne Axelson and Robin Burns who have just become engaged.* *

**********



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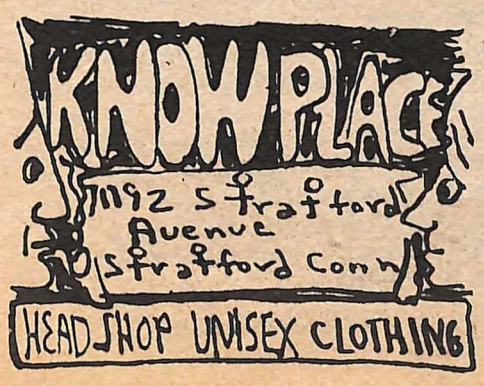


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ARE MEN REALLY THE ENEMY? an examination
by Jayne West / No More Fun and Games

Pleas use a No. 2 lead pencil when taking this test. Look only at your own paper except in emergency. No talking, gum-chewing, swearing, or primping during the test. In case of fire or nuclear attack, the above rules will be suspended. You are now ready to begin. Don't. We'll tell you when to start. You may begin in exactly a few minutes.

Multiple choice:

1. Most rapes are committed by
   a. women
   b. children
   c. men (perverts)
   d. I am unable to distinguish rape from ordinary sexual relations.
2. When I am yelled at on the street I am
   a. flattered
   b. annoyed
   c. astonished
   d. sure I have been recognized
3. When I am yelled at on the street I respond by
   a. lowering my head and walking quicker
   b. smiling sweetly and nodding
   c. addressing myself to the specific content of the yeller and applying appropriately
   d. pretending that it was not I who was yelled at and that I am not in that place and that he is not real and I am not real and thus simply extracting myself from the situation.
4. The reason I keep my legs together when sitting is
   a. some of my underwear has holes in it
   b. my legs get cold if I don't
   c. my mother always told me to and it's hard to break the habit
   d. I like to keep my privates private
6. When I was a little girl I wanted to be
   a. nurse
   b. cowgirl
   c. teacher
   d. secretary
   e. boy
7. If I had a baby girl, I would be
   a. disappointed
   b. I wouldn't care as long as it was healthy
   c. burdened
   d. quite annoyed with the pill
8. When I play games or sports with a man
   a. I let him win
   b. He always beats me
   c. I try to be athletic and healthy so he will play with me again
   d. I just play the best I can and don't worry about the outcome
9. Which of the following things can a man do better than a woman?
   a. cook
   b. sew
   c. masturbate
   d. all of the above
10. If I could do away with anything I wanted, the first thing I would do away with is
   a. the family
   b. the state
   c. private property
   d. menstrual periods
   e. all of the above

Fill in the Blanks:

1. is never
2. Make a list of famous women who are not known as Mrs.
3. My most embarrassing moment was when
4. My least embarrassing moment was when
5. In Orthodox Jewish worship it is said by men: Thank God I was not born a

Essays:

1. Discuss the variations in tone possible when asking a male druggist this question: "Do you have Tampax Super?"
2. Discuss the population distribution along sexual lines where parents were able to determine the sex of their offspring.
3. Discuss your motive for taking this test.
4. Discuss how a woman can have her cake and eat it too.
5. Discuss anything you want.
6. Erase all marks from this paper (except your responses) and pass the paper up to the person on your left. If there is no-one on your left, walk to the center aisle, place your paper on the floor, and sit on it. Anyone doing anything that strange is certain to be noticed and helped.

GOOD LUCK! YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD TESTER AND THAT IS NOT NOTHING.

(copped from the post-revolutionary Rat via Harry)

# SUMMER OF LIBERATION

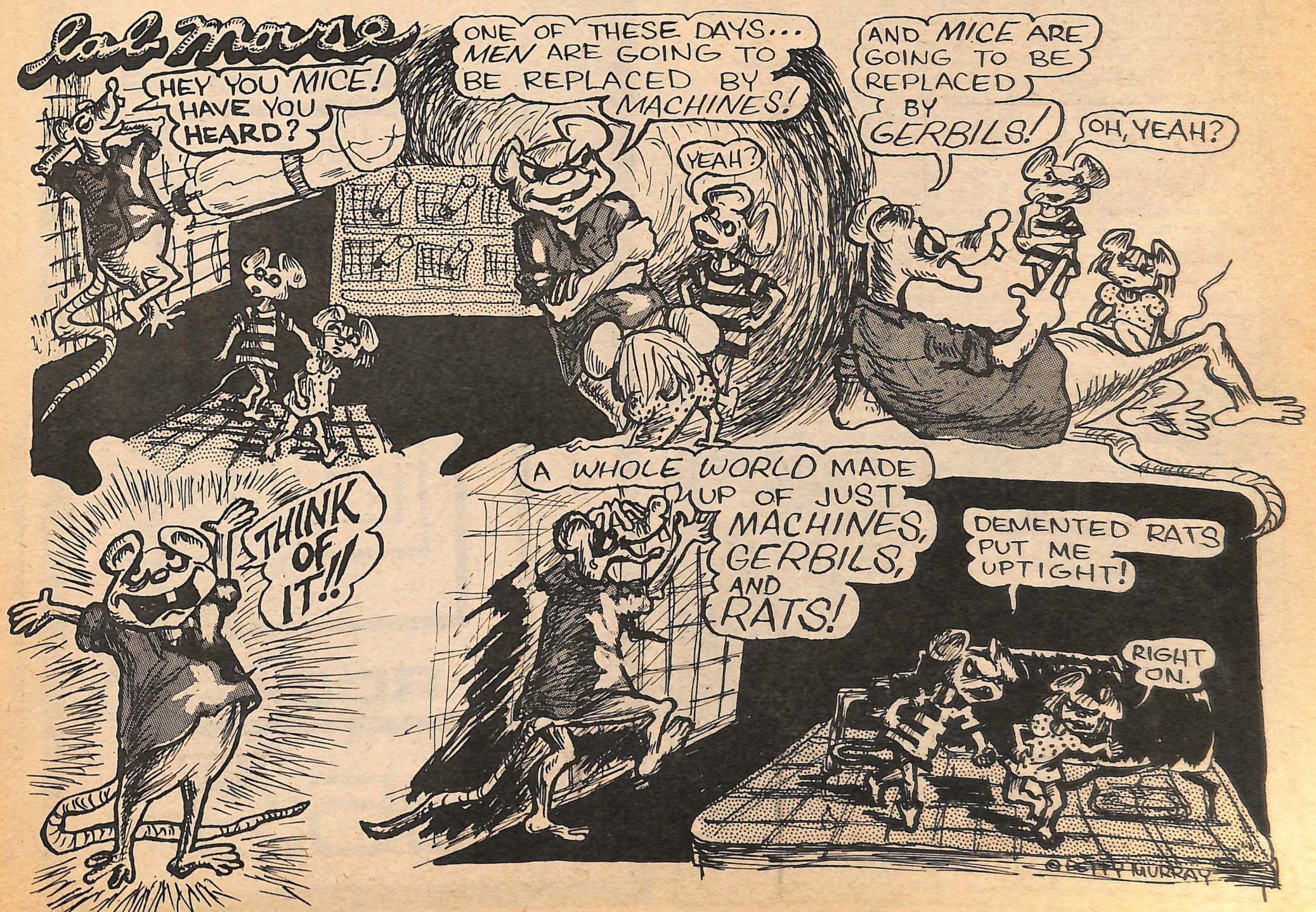
Summer of Liberation came into existence as a result of the efforts of many people in New Haven who were determined to continue the national strike and defense of the Panthers over the summer. Some of the people involved were active in the strikes at Albertus, Quinnipiac, South Central, Southern, and New Haven College; Yalies and and others who tried to keep Branford College at Yale open for the summer as a center for living, working and studying; and the New Haven Panther Defense Committee, which has been educating the New Haven Community about Black Panther Politics. The basic idea of Summer of Liberation is to bring together all of the people in New Haven who want to work in defense of the New Haven 9 and who want to educate themselves to be stronger when school reopens in September. Hopefully it will help to produce a unified movement in New Haven, ready to act in the fall and to continue to mobilize people in the community and on the campuses in defense of the Panthers throughout their probably year-long trial.

The Summer of Liberation has three main parts: a basic course in political education for everyone participating, which will meet every Thrusday night at 6:30 at Dwight Hall (revolutionary food available); development of skills that we all need in political work; and a series of workshops that combine study and actions which will be the guts of Summer of Liberations. All brothers and sisters interested in relating to Summer of Liberation in any way should stop by one of the offices listed here.

COMMUNITY COLLEGE LIBERATION CENTER
532 STATE ST. 203-787-5462

DWIGHT HALL – YALE UNIVERSITY
OLD CAMPUS–HIGH STREET 436-1480

*NEW HAVEN PANTHER DEFENSE COMM.*
1084 CHAPEL ST. 787-5836



# MEDICUS AQUARIUS

I've been out in Berkeley the past two weeks, and three thoughts have been running around in the back of my mind that I'd like to share with you.

The first I began to develop in my last column. I've been trying to understand the violence of the hard-hat workers, the intensity of their hatred of the young. America has raised a generation of adults whose lives are now peculiarly devoid of purpose. Past generations have faced the great tasks--founding the new land, building the industrial revolution, winning the great wars for democracy, surviving the depression. That's over now. Life in suburbia is comfortably meaningless. Work has little to offer. (Look at the faces of those people working in stores when they're not busy selling.) Leisure is pursued with dogged, driven passion. Man grows as he is generative--as he creates. And since he cannot create in his work, he tries to create through his children. He forges his destiny of the young. The Youth Culture springs from this despair--the Youth Cult, really. Grandmothers in bell-bottoms. Life ends at forty-five.

What's happened now, is that our parents have been betrayed. They put their faith and their futures in us, and we questioned every dogma, every value they had built their lives around. When we said, "Up against the wall, motherfucker" we granted our fathers potency, but little else. King Lear had his Goneril and the Hoffmans their Abbie. The hard-hats try to reshape their children's skulls with the venom of one who has been bit by the serpent's tooth.

The second idea has to do with covert racism. Both Liberals and radicals are guilty of it. About a week ago, Nixon appointed a blue-ribbon panel to investigate the Kent State murders. He never thought to include Jackson, and that's not surprising because he knows where the political dollar is. What is surprising is that none seems to have noticed this racist omission--I haven't seen or heard a word about it in the media--and that's liberal covert racism.

Radical covert racism can be even more subtle-it's the idealization of the black man into superhuman status. Some of my friends who are very into the Panthers, for example, talk as though every black man is holy. And that's a dehumanizing stereotype, because it's hard to relate to divinities. I would say that the activist blacks tend to encourage this. It makes for good politics, but lousy social relationships.

Jesse Jackson had this to say at the convocation at the Greek Theater in Berkeley last week: "We will all live together as brothers, or we will all die as fools."

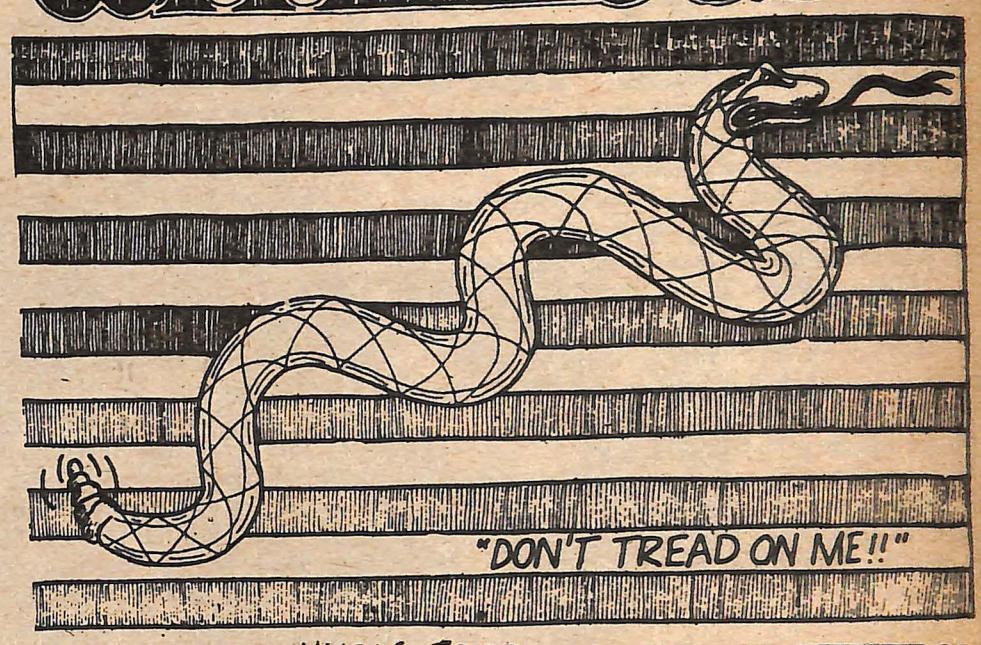
The last thing I'd like to write about today is stance. When I was an intern, we were all told not to wear political buttons or shaggy hair because it might offend the patients. We were to be neutral. The concept of neutrality is no longer relevant. You are either for the Movement or for the Establishment. We have no non-participant observer.

One of my favorite short stories is by Camus and is called "The Guest". A teacher lives alone atop a hill in Northern Africa. He is delivered a prisoner by a soldier and told to take him on to the jail on the next day. The teacher objects--we are not formally at war, I cannot make such a decision, I cannot decide this man's fate. After a sleepless night of tortured doubt, he leads the prisoner to a fork in the road. One path leads to town and the prison, the other leads to freedom. Take your own choice, he tells the captive. The teacher relieved of his burden, climbs the hill to his schoolhouse and finds written on the blackboard--you have taken my brother to prison, you shall pay.

To refuse to take a stand is to take a stand. There is no escaping it.

*Doctor Aquarius is a New Haven psychiatrist. He writes mostly about whatever is on his mind, and welcomes your questions and comments on matters political, medical, or personal. Write to VFB, 532 State Street, New Haven.*

BREAD AND ROSES
OF THE HOUSE

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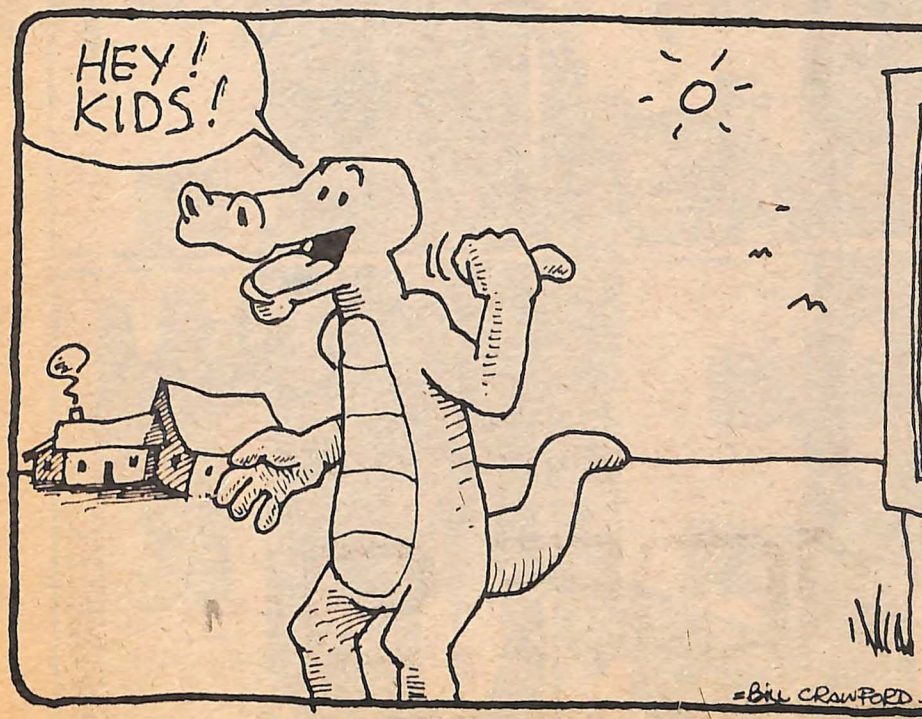


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GOOD NEWS PAGE 12 See yalall latar!

# FREE!

## The Greatest Event the World has ever seen, *YOURS*, Free for the Rest of Your Life!

### Wake Up!

The ancient Druids built an entire civilization around this wonder now memorialized by magnificent Stonehenge. For centuries, enlightened Japanese have witnessed this remarkable occurance prior to commencing their working day. Less than a week ago in New Orleans a member of America's vibrant new hallucinogenic culture exclaimed: "Why, it's like God waking you up each morning."

And if you take advantage of SuperDuper Scope's amazing offer today, it's *yours*, free, every single morning for the rest of you life!

### Guarantee

We make this guaranteed money-back offer knowing once you've witnessed any one of our magnificent productions (our next show scheduled for your neighborhood within 24 hours) your day cannot be the same same again. You'll step livelier, experience the benefits of greater inner zest, whistle your cares away as your body joyfully tingles to a re-awakened sensation of well-being. And that's not all.

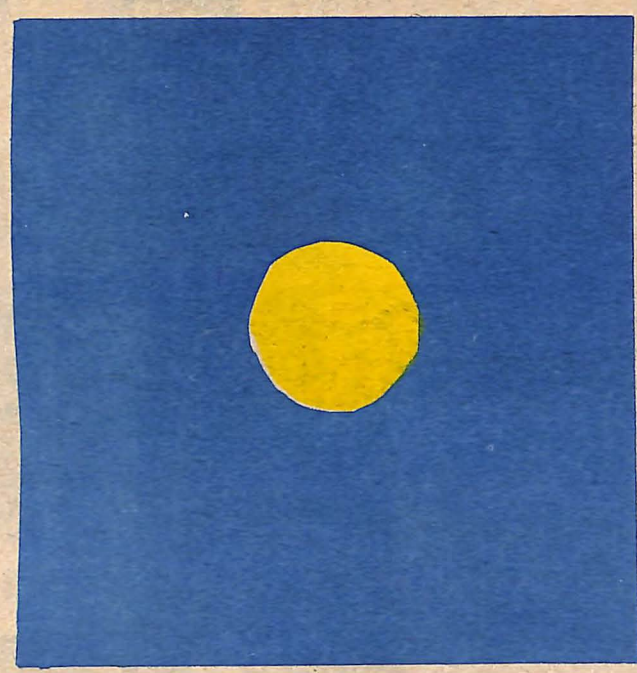
### Question

But first we must ask a question. When was the last time you saw the sunrise: a week ago, last year, can you remember? Saw dawn's early strip of light evolve into day while songbirds called the reveille and the treetops rustled as the first sunbeam raced through their branches to greet you? And all surrounding you, the sky reflecting the myriad colors of morning.

Beautiful, huh?

### Simple Plan

With our method you'll never forget to see another dawn. Our simple one-a-day plan allows you a lifetime of sunrises, each *individually tailored* specifically for your eyes. And we unconditionally guarantee no two alike!



*Many times larger than the earth, and a valuable source of vitamin D.*

You'll get a full assortment of both cityscapes and country settings. You'll receive a supply of our mist-brushed varieties.

*You'll receive sunrises bathed in gentle life-giving rain (many with SuperDuperScope's* "Early Morning Brand" rainbows at no extra cost). Imagine fresh dawns with pink-tinged icicles! many of our sun-ups include the moon. And you also get plenty of our Bumper Dawns where "the sun comes up like Thunder" which we predict must elicit a grateful Wow!

In fact, merely by getting out of bed and following our simple plan, you'll experience an infinite variety of dawns.

### ACT TODAY

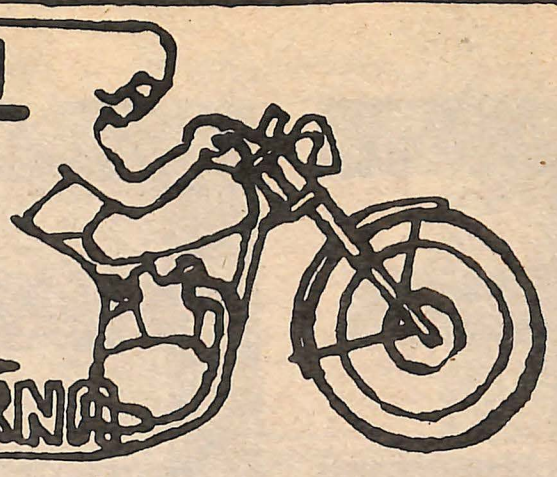
Don't waste another sunrise. How many more opportunities do you have left? Fill out the cupon below. We'll rush your first dawn to you tomorrow morning. It can change your life. Alter your perspective for the better.

The SuperDuperScope way . . . every day is a beautiful day.

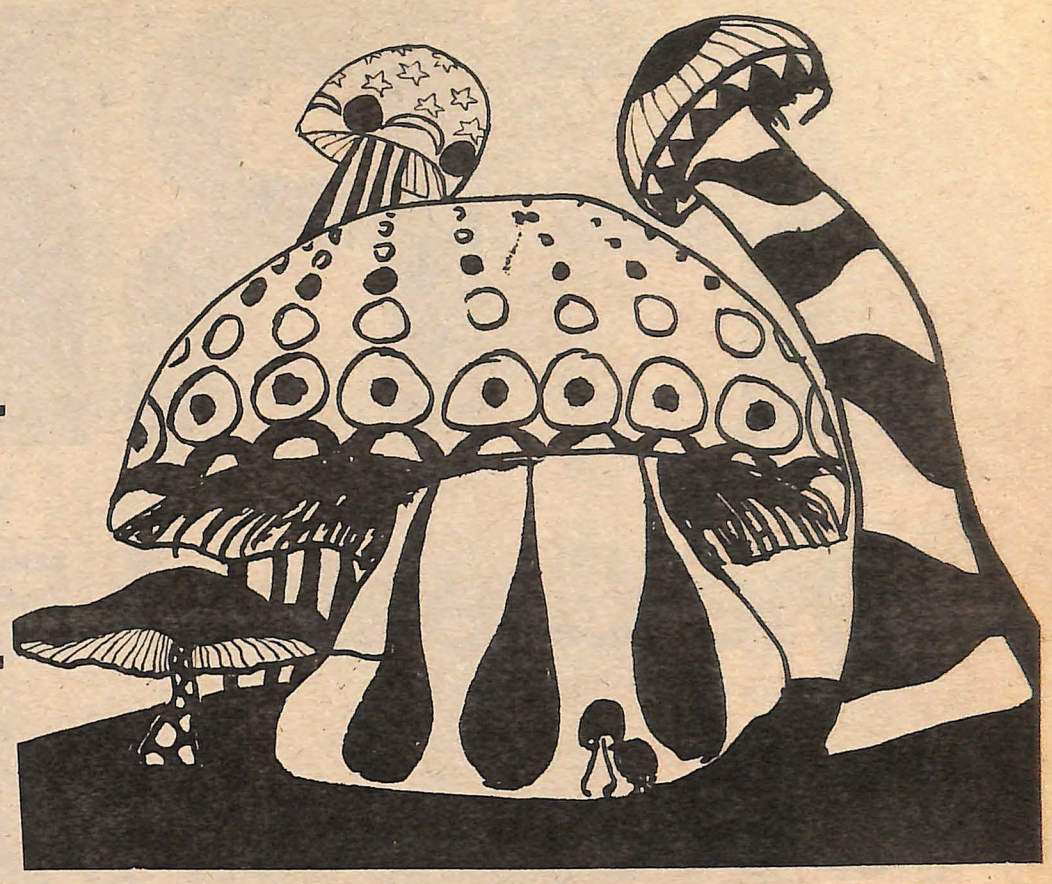
To SuperDuperScope Productions, my address, my town, Conn. I am enclosing one dollar. Please enroll me as a lifetime member rushing me my first sunrise tomorrow morning. I understand if I am not completely satisfied within 10 days I may return the entire kit for a full cash refund.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Zip.....

TRIUMPH
HONDA
OSSA
PENTON
HUSQVARNA



JASH BROS
117 FOWLER ST.
ALSO: REPAIRS
ON FOREIGN CARS



COME IN And
GET CROCKED

All Sizes At

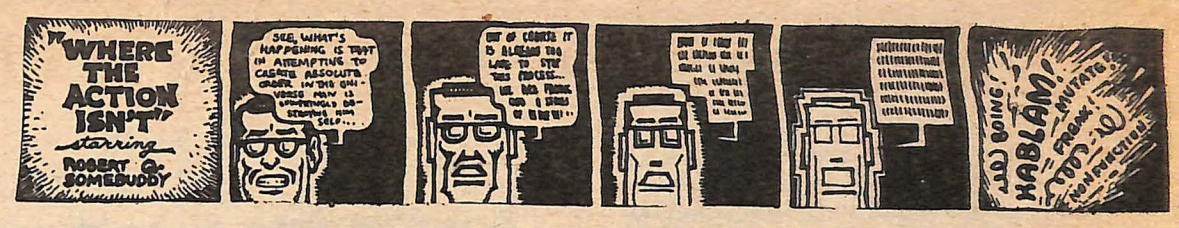
TINKER'S SHOP
BOWL & BOARD
75 WHITNEY AVENUE
NEAR TRUMBULL ST.

Hello Vincent, Big John, Bob. Hello Lou.

*One in All,*
*All in One –*
*If only this is realized,*
*No more worry about your not being perfect!*

*from the Manual of Zen Buddhism*
*by D.T. Suzuki*

Remain calm.
Remember the teachings.




number
nine
649 State St 787-2127
new haven, conn.

Call if you need help
Call if you can help

Mister Magic is who You are

Photo credits: cover, Margita James, Lou Murray: page 3, Dick Moore. We'd like to thank Alan, Carl, Ed, Jim, Don and all at View From the Bottom in helping with this edition as well as extending the pages. Good News would also like to thank Jim McGrath of New Orleans who passed the idea on. Idea: whoever you are, wherever you are, start your own Good News. Love. Peace. Om.
Isaac Papisamidasheville.

Two years ago I emerged from a nightmare.

For the first time I discovered how simple it was to know joy.

Only months before I could claim a $15,000 a year, year executive position with a major international corporation, drove a vintage sportscar, owned two dozen suits, knew every swinger in town — and was very unhappy.

I was 29 years old.

Of course I wouldn't admit to anything wrong. That was the unthinkable. And life did appear to be bowling merrily along. All the same, sleep came fitfully, nothing thrilled beyond a quick flash of pleasure, little worthwhile occured in my life.

I began to observe my contemporaries in the office. And also took a good look at my companions with whom I highballed, partied and played. I examined the lifestyles of others older than myself, further down the same road to business success which I was travelling. Many of them were bitter, I found. In a lifetime comfortably spent, contentment had strangely passed them by.

I was heading (perhaps like you, the one person out there I'm writing this to) in the same direction. And had caught a glimmer of how the nightmare would continue until I died.

Twenty-nine . . . Thirty-nine . . . Forty-nine . . . time flies.

Friends would offer, "The trouble with you, old boy, is that you don't like yourself." The words were true. I heard without listening.

Others would suggest: "why don't you get involved. DO something." Good advice. But what?

Guess it was during my fifth acid trip that I saw the root of my own particular pain. First the sudden tears — then the recognition. For me the cause was a childhood trauma. For you — well you know your thing.

I'm not claiming LSD is the only way. Just that it was the catalyst to open the door of insight to where I was at. It worked in my case. Choose yourmethod.

But isolating the problem isn't enough. Curing it — that's the rub!

A better paying job won't do it. Nor will new friends, although that's a big help. Moving to another town won't make any difference. All the pain travels with you in a suitcase at the back of your brain, ready to spill out at the first sign of depression. You have to stop waiting for an outside force to miraculously come along and reshape your life. You are the one who has to do it.

One approach I found effective was to physically step back into the past fears. Face the ghosts that stop you being the you that you know is the nice fellow who really is you. See the spectres for what they really are: hollow products of your own mind. Barriers erected for an obsolete need and no longer valid.

It doesn't matter how you tackle your own cure. But the faster you let go of false security symbols and time-consuming social pretences the quicker it will be.

So free yourself of useless baggage. You can't pluck a flower while your hands are full of junk. Chuck out the status machines, suits, tieclips, suspenders. Discard the outworn attitudes, opinions, half-formed theories developed for you by others. Let it all go.

Hey presto! You *are* the flower, a butterfly, a mountain, the laughing essence of a brook.

Well, how about it. Seem like a nightmare sometimes: a bad dream with you on the treadmill performing the principal role, within which you have no control? Are you wrapped up in a social run-around which gives no satisfaction yet you're afraid to step out on your own?

Don't be afraid. The wolves and jackels have disappeared. There are three and a half billion of us. We all love you.

You can stop the life that displeases you this moment. Begin a new life this moment with a positive decision. By the time you've completed reading this sentance you can make the resolve to improve your situation.

Make it. See how already you feel better? Though don't expect instant change. It's you life — not corn flakes. Allow five years to fashion yourself to the person you want to be. That's not very long. Look how many years it took you to get loused up. And every day you'll see new signs of improvement.

Be happy, friend. You're one day old. Join the brotherhood.

This is the first day of the rest of your life.

Let go.

Mister Magic Loves You

Alan McKnight

**NOW**

. . . you can throw yourself upon the ground, stretched out upon Mother Earth, with the certain conviction that you are one with her and she with you. You are as firmly established, as invulnerable as she, indeed a thousand times more firmer and invulnerable. As surely as she will engulf you tomorrow, so surely will she bring you forth anew to new striving and suffering. And not merely 'some day': now, today, every day she is bringing you forth not once but thousands upon thousands of times, just as every day she engulfs you a thousand times over. For eternally and always there is only now, one and the same now; the present is the only thing that has no end.

Erwin Shrodinger

# FOOD CO-OP STARTED

*It looks like some people in New Haven are starting to get it together, in stead of complaining about the way things are. All of us have rapped about ecology, pollution and the chemical shit in the food we eat, but as far as doing anything about our food, most of us just complain about how New Haven's two organic stores are a rip-off and keep right on eating that junk food we always have eaten.*

*Now two groups of people are working on the problem of getting some decent food to those of us in New Haven who care about our bodies and realize how what we eat affects our heads. One of these groups, amoung them some people from the United Family, started out to organize an organic food buying co-operative, then move into a store. They've spent most of their energies checking out distributers and compiling price lists of foods people can order. In the next week or two they should be ready to distribute the list for people to place an order. They been having some hassles with finding an office and that may hold them up a little bit, but the main thing is to get the co-op started so we can all eat a little (a lot!) better.*

*The other group is pretty much working on their own trying to get an organic food store put together. They are people whose heads are in pretty good places and are really getting into organic food. They're trying, like the other group, to set up a place where people can get healthy foods at a minimum of profit. These people have been checking out other stores in Hertford, Boston and New York and have a tentative location of High St. Their main problem is cash to get their first stock, so if anybody thinks this an important thing as we do, he can help out with cash, they could get in touch with the store people through the View From The Bottom office. Anyway, as soon as they get the cash and the distributer set they should open.*

*It's really nice to see these things happening in New Haven. So many people talk about how terrible New Haven is and leave to find a better place – now we've got people who think New Haven could be pretty nice and are willing to work to make it that way. Ther's talk of an organic restaurant and maybe some free stores like the Independent Gallery downtown. New Haven could be really far out!*

*Anyway, we sure hope the organic food store and co-operative happen soon – in the mean time if you can get up some bread to eat a little better here's a couple of things to try:*

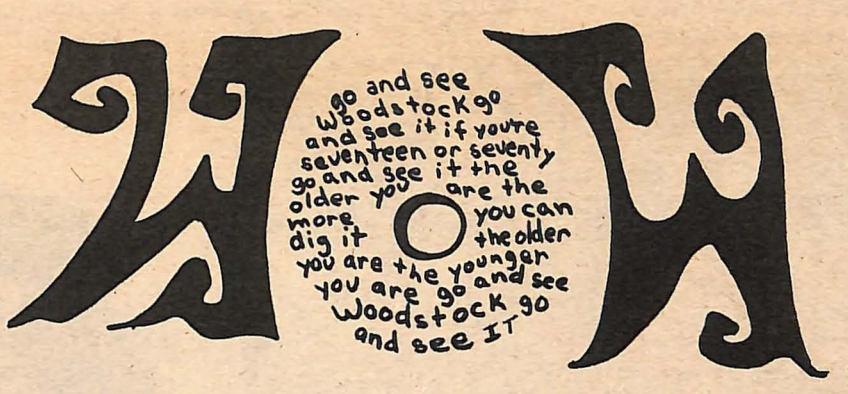
*I 1) slice nituke (diagonal slices) a good amount of several different kinds of vegetables (squash, onions, celery, pepper, broccoli, carrots, etc.)*
*2) boil and peel some shrimp*
*3) saute vegetables in safflower or soy oil until tender (SLOWLY).*
*4) add shrimp, some curry, and oregano to taste*
*4)*
*5) serve over brown rice or vegetable noodles.*

*II Dried Bean Curd*
*1) soak 1 lb. of dried bean curd until soft (1-8 hours)*
*2) cook in sauce about 45 minutes*
*sauce––*
*1 medium chopped onion*
*2 cloves diced garlic*
*2 T. McKay's chicken seasoning (all veg.)*
*1-1½ T. salt*
*2 cups water*
*3) Dust in seasoned flour and brown in oil or broil*
*seasoned flour––*
*1/3 cup flour*
*¼ cup wheat germ*
*2 T. brewers yeast*
*salt to taste*

SECRET REVEALED
HOW TO MAKE DANDELION WINE

Dandelion flowers should be gathered now in the spring when they are fresh and tender. Only the flower is used for the wine; you can make a salad with the rest. To make 3 gallons of wine you need about a quart of flowers. To these you add 4 sliced oranges, including the rind, 2 sliced lemons, ½ pound of raisins, 4 pounds of sugar, 1 crumpled cake of yeast and about 3 gallons of water. Leave in an uncovered container which is not metal for approximately 2 weeks. Stir every day; you will notice the carbonation after a few days. At the end of the fermentation period, strain out all solids, leaving only the liquid which should be of an orange-yellow hue. It will continue to ferment as long as you leave it uncovered. Store in sealed bottles for the long, cold winter or (Good News!) have a summer dandelion wine party.

Mister Magic sez It's all the same Baked Beans!



SNACK BAR POKER'S
TEA ROOM
C/R. MUNTANER 59
MOLINOS-IBIZA
T. 31.10.51.
(BALEARES)

What am I doing here? Me a white honky sitting with an albino actor from Cincinnati a black basketball player from New Orleans and a blonde honey from Austin watching a French movie (English subtitles) directed by some Cretan half-breed about a police state in Greece. Eating, nay , gulping tons of highly polysaturated popcorn and I dug it all.

It just piles on top of me. The whole scene. Everything fits together, albeit loosely. Everybody, EVERYBODY, is into the movie, wrapped up, speeding on, eventually not even reading the subtitles.

It is that kind of movie. Right on, artistic endeavor. Bring it all together. Suck us all into a flat two-dimensional, Edisonian phenomenon. Without a singular overwhelming performance or particularly vivid photography or memorable sound-track, the most un-vehrstucky verstucke that I've ever seen. My mind keptscreaming "propaganda" but my body kept goggling and gulping popcorn. Total unity on the screen.

## 'Z'

And then I got irate. All the nit-picking, ass-licking reviews I've read of this flick - names, dates, qualities all in attempt to make it secure safe, locked into some compartment. The old separating the dancer from the dance trick. Go ahead, fools. Rip off all the intellectual succour you can. I can't. All I know is that these dancers (directors, actors, cameramen) are in the dance. That's why no onecan pin it down, the unknown of cinematic success. Directing, editing, acting, photography - they're all just as good as they have to be to make a great movie. No one, from your anarchistic, thumbsucking SDSer to your reactionary cigarsucking bigot can ignore the consummated act of "Z". Go see it. The popcorn is great. – Bob Moyer

Smile for Chrissakes!

Good News Page 8

# SIR OLIVER WENDELL DRAGON AND THE SCORPIO

Sir Oliver Wendell Dragon sauntered (a stylistically special way of walking) down the silver-glittering but un-ringing street -- it just was glitterrerr. His eyes rolled around twice and then did a sloooow droop.

Sir Dragon was being followed!
And by a Scorpio.

He took two steps to the left.
He took two steps to the right. (He was learning the number 2, in school. He was also learning left and right.)

Then, he gingerly looked gingerly over his left shoulder.
He gingerly looked gingerly over his right shoulder.

Oh!
Poor Sir Dragon had made a terrible mistake.

Try it. Take two steps to the left.
Now, take two steps to the right.
Where did you end up?

Back where you started from? Same as Sir Dragon!

Now HOW did THAT happen?????????????

Slowly, v-e-r-y sloow-ly, the Scorpio was inching its way up to where Sir Dragon stood.

Slowly, v-e-r-y sloow-ly, Sir Dragon jumped one jump forward.
Then he jumped one jump backward.

Ohhhhhhh, poor Sir Dragon, it happened again! You try it.
Jump one jump forward. Then jump one jump backward.
Where did you end up this time? Back where you started from? SAME AS SIR DRAGON!

V–E–R–Y STRANGE . . . . . .

and the scorpio was still inching its way up to where Sir Dragon stood.

THEN, QUITE SUDDENLY, SIR DRAGON HAD AN IRRESISTIBLE URGE. SO IRRESISTIBLE THAT HE COULD'T RESIST IT.

Do you know what I R R E S I S T I B L E means?

Did you ever have an IRRESISTIBLE URGE?

SIR DRAGON tried to RESIST
He held his breath.
He held his nose.
He covered his ears.
He even tried wiggling his toes but he couldn't because of the points on his shoes . . . . . .
and the scorpio was still inching its inches up to where Sir Dragon stood.
Then,

All of a SUDDEN . . . . . .

Sir Oliver Wendell Dragon . . . . . .
SNEEZEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEED

It was one of the biggest SNEEEEEEEEZES ever heard in the whole wor

It was bigger than the soft summer wind.

It was bigger than the autumn wind that blows all of the leaves off of all of the trees.

It was bigger than the COLD winter wind that blows snow into huge soft mountains for climbing and rolling in.

It was bigger than the spring wind that blows the seeds to the ground so they'll grow.

IT WAS THE FAMOUS OLIVER WENDELL DRAGON FAMILY SNEE THE LARGEST KNOWN SNEEZE IN THE WHOLE WORLD.

Sir Oliver's father had it. Sir Oliver's father's father had it.
And Sir Oliver's father's fathe's father had it too. That's how Sir Oliver got it. All the way from his great grandfather.

AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SCORPIO WHEN SIR OLIVER WENDELL DRAGON SNEEZED?

WHY, HE GOT BLOWNNNNNNNNNNNNN AWAY, AND WAS NEVER SEEN OR HEARD OF EVER AGAIN.

Three cheers for Sir Oliver Wendell Dragon!

1 2 3 Achoo.

Carol North

# UP A TREE!

Long, long ago very near the end of the Ice Age elephants roamed the African deserts. They were basically very unfriendly animals and felt themselves so superior to other animals that it was a tradition that elephants spoke only to other elephants. There was one elephant however, who liked the smaller animals and was more content in their company. This poor elephonat was shunned and ostracized by his peers for his deviation. The therefore sought solace in the friendship of the little animals.

At that time many squirrels roamed also in the desert but they were very unhappy because the climate did not agree with their temperment. Finally their discomfort became so great that they swallowed their pride and asked their friend the elephant to help them in their plight. The elephant was delighted to be of assistance to his little friends so he immediately set off across the continent with the squirrels on his back carrying them on their way to a cooler more temperate climate.

They traveled for many many years as the seasons rotated summer.... autumn....winter....spring....over and over again. They crossed land and sea and sea and the wide expanse of the Atlantic Ocean (which was still frozen since the Ice Age wasn't quite over yet) and after many long years of grueling travel they reached the shore of what is now Northern Connecticut. Here the climate was just about perfect for the little animals.

All through the spring and summer They lived happily together romping and rollicking in the woods like one big happy family. The squirrels gathered nuts and gave them to the elephant along with the water they carried from the stream early every morning.

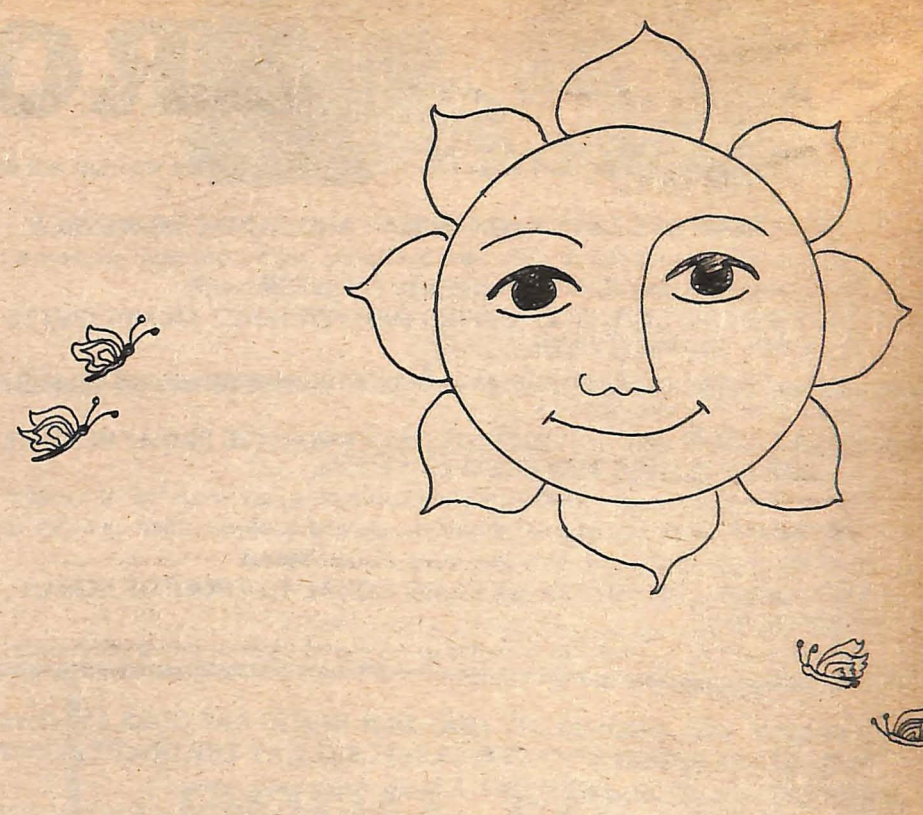
As the autumn approached the elephant began to get occasional chills and grew increasingly despondent. As winter came the other animals began to notice the elephant's unhappiness and gradually got very concerned about their friend, and by this time, protector. The elephant by this point no longer took part in their games but stood alone and shivered.

Finally his condition became so bad that his friends decided to take action. They held a council one afternoon as the elephant napped and debated the question of what to do for many hours. The eldest squirrel (the same one by the way who had first asked the elephant to take them out of Africa) emerged with the answer. He said that this question was of such serious consequence that they must ask the gods for help.

They did so and presently the gods, who were never ones to refuse anything to squirrels, answered them thus: They turned the friendly old elephant into a tree so that he could remain with his friends in the forest and yet live throungh the winter frost and be happy with them.

The squirrels again returned to his back and have lived happily in his branches ever since. And a bird landed in the tree and chirped merrily! Tee Dee Tee Dee Tee Dee

Constance FitzGerald



Page 7 of Good No 18. Strawberry Swirls, Lemon Lime, Sunshine, Purple Haze, Chocolate chip, Lightning

The GOOD NEWS
TRUE LIFE
ADVENTURE STORY

# Canoeing in West Haven

## Or on the WATERS of LAKE ZOAR

I woke up early this Morning. The sun did it, woke me up shining in my face -- joyful sight, for today I would canoe the shores of Lake Zoar. Now, some of you have probably never heard about Lake Zoar and the myths that surround it and continue to instill the spirit of adventure into all those who gaze upon its majestic waters. Lake Zoar is a self-contained community, self-sufficient and sincere in its efforts to push back the society which wants to disturb the peace and serenity that exists there. There are sunfish, bass, pickerel and some perch. there are many varieties of fauna and kelp, including water lilies. There also seems to be a family of muskrats, the West Haven Chapter of United Muskrats. Also a family of wild duck and one white duck, who according to reliable sources is the local whore and enjoys every minute of her life.

I pulled on my cords, grabbed my tee shirt and dashed out the back door. Stopped. Ran back and grabbed a joint. Got High. Again I flashed out the back door. With great excitement and exhiliration I untied Bronson's canoe and set forth upon the adventure of my life.

First, I thought I'd take it easy. I was pretty high and kept close to the shoreline. But as time wore on I gained confidence and adventured toward the middle. Paddling forward my life passed by, I thought of all my friends and the people I had met, I remembered all the things I did every day -- they said to me that as man faces the the obstacles of life that seem better than mortal man, that man cries and prays for God to Help. I thought hard and decided a joint would help. Lit up and rested awhile.

Suddenly, without any warning, they were upon me. Aerial attacks, circling above me. I was being bombarded by ducks shitting over my head, the sunfish, on the bottom of my canoe, disturbing the water, trying to upset my canoe. Then the trajedy, the most horrifying experience I had had up to this point in my life, the muskrats had grabbed hold of the tie-up line and were dragging me toward the falls. Rowing with all my might I tried to reverse the direction. No. It didn't work, there were too many of them. I looked all around the lake looking for help. Nowhere was any to be seen. The situation was getting worse. I couldn't get out and the man-eating sunfish and lilies would sure get me before I could make it to the shore. The muskrats were still dragging me toward the falls, now even the wind pushing the canoe toward the falls was against me.

Half the canoe was over the falls when I saw the way out, the escape hatch I was looking for. A tree branch stood about three feet out of reach. Could I make it, could I jump from the canoe? It was my only chance. I pulled my self together and jumped. Got it. A sigh of relief. I would make it. I would somehow get back. I knew how lucky I had been and was thankful. The way back was easy, though all I thought about was the narrowness of my escape. Whew! What an adventure.....

by Ken Katz

# FELINE LIBERATION FRONT

Bulletin No. 1
The Nine Lives Program of the Feline Liberation Front What we want and what we believe.

1. **FREEDOM OF ALL CATS FROM HUMAN AND CANINE REPRESSION.**
   That all cats are entitled to their own habitation, with reasonable protection from dogs and people unwilling to respect their Feline Rights.
2. **THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN DIGNIFIED INDEPENDENCE AND AN END TO PATRONIZING AND SERVITUDE.**
   That cats should be allowed the same freedom of movement in and out of their homes as human companions.
3. **PALATABLE AND NUTRITIOUS CAT FOOD FREE FROM CHEMICAL CONTAMINANTS AND PRESERVATIVES.**
   No cat should be forced to eat so-called commercial cat foods full of harmful and untested addatives, but instead should be allowed to chose otheir own diet along with the other inhabitants (human, etc.) of their homes.
4. **FIT SLEEPING QUARTERS AT LEAST EQUAL TO THOSE OF HUMAN COMPANIONS.**
   No cat should be forced out of its home on a cold night or into a substandard part of its home to sleep.
5. **SECURITY AND KNOWLEGE THAT OUR HOMES ARE OURS AND THAT WE WILL NOT BE SUBJECT TO EVICTION PURELY AT THE DISCRETION OF HUMANS WHO FEEL THEY OWN US.**
   No human can claim ownership on any cat, but when a human takes a cat in return home, he enters into an agreement to house and feed that cat in return for valuable companionship.

**Chairman Meow**

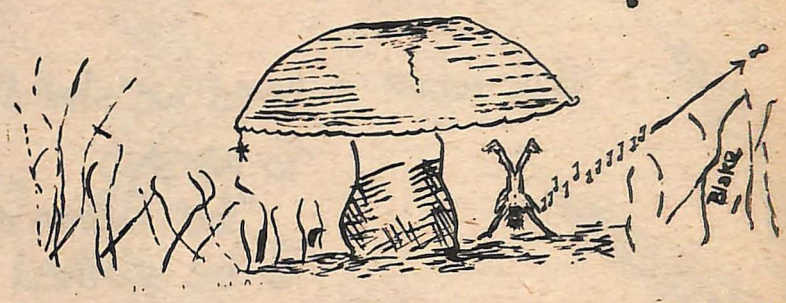
Aha! sez Mister Magic

6. **THE RIGHT TO MAKE OUR OWN DECISION WHETHER WE TURN ON OR GET DRUNK.**
   Some humans have been forcing cats living with them to indulge in cannibas, LSD, and other drugs. Although we do not necessarily dislike these drugs, we demand free choice in the matter.
7. **THE DECISION TO SPAY OR CASTRATE CATS MUST BE MADE BY THE INDIVIDUAL CAT..**
   All female cats should have the right to determine whether or not they want to raise kittens.
8. **FREE DISTEMPER AND RABIES SHOTS FOR ALL CATS WHOSE HUMAN COMPANIONS CANNOT AFFORD THEM.**
   Because of advances in veterinary medicine, no cat should be subject to these diseases because of poverty or neglect. Any human is obligated to protect to the best of his ability the health of feline companions.
9. **AN END TO ALL REPRESSION OF OUR BROTHERS AND SSITERS IN THE ALLEYS.**
   Many cats are displaced by slum clearance and redevelopment. New homes should be be provided for any cat thus affected.

*Prepared by the HILL CAT COALITION*

Good News Page 6 Hello Mum!

# the GOOD NEWS EDITORIAL




*The world is beautiful because we make it so. Not a very logical abstraction but one which can be arrived at by standing on ones head at full moon, preferably under the eaves af a toadstool and murmuring that it is so and humming lullabys to the torn fragments as they whistle by overhead all together now "Ohmmm, OOOHMMMMMM."*

Mr. Magic sez
you're beautiful!

Healing from the I Ching

The family is society in embryo; it is the native soil on which the performance of moral duty is made easy through natural affection, so that within a small circle a basis of moral practice is created, and this is later widened to include human relationships in general.

## Letters to the Editor

Sirs:
Your non-existent last edition was the worst piece of trash I have never read. Not only did it not make sense, but I could not understand it. Cancel my subscription immediately.

Mickey Mouse IIIrd

The Editor:
I knew you wouldn't publish my letter to your last non-existent issue. I just knew it! You racist - fascist - pig - bum - reactionary - radical - hippie newspapers are all the same. It makes me wonder if you really exist. It makes me wonder if I exist.

Spiro Acne

Sir:
Let me rush to tell you that the last non-edition of *Good News* was the easiest reading I've come across in years. Far out! Where can I get back issues of your previous non-publications?

Rose

*(Call Tokyo 546-8293 and ask for Mister Magic, Subsrciption Manager.)*

## GOOD NEWS!!

People sometimes wonder what we mean by Good News. They add, you'll be lucky to find much of that in New Haven, Amerika, our planet.

We can only reply that the best news we know of is that we are. That's wonderful news.

Dig it!

But remember you can only enjoy the good news when you're trying to erase the bad.

Dig that too!

We the spirits of the world within
call upon the
Beings of the world without.
To unite in the embrace of Laughters
To stand radiant in the morning mist
and to Bath in the Damp Fragrance of Spring.
Thus heart in hand we shall Dance upon The Pools of Light on the forest floor.
To worship
The Rythm of nature.
To be soothed
By the wind caressing the Earth, that craddles us in
Moist Grass. To feel. Our Bodies Ripple and Cool.
Smooth and Frothy Flowing in Translucent Currents.
Listening to the dialoque of wind and water.
Cloaked in the sunsets Golden Burgandy.
Velvet Robes
Awaiting the night with Expectancy. D.

LAST NIGHT LOVE

SCURRIED AROUND ON MICE FEET
DARTED INTO CORNERS ON RAT'S FEET
SOARED AND FELL WITH SWEEPING
BIRD'S FEET.

TRAMPLED WITH THE FEET OF AN...
ELEPHANT

CREPT AROUND STEALTHILY AS A CAT
SNIFFED THE AIR LIKE A BAYING HOUND
SNAPPED LIKE A VENUS FLY-TRAP;

THEN,
LAST NIGHT.
LOVE CAME IN LIKE A MAN
AND WAS RECEIVED LIKE A WOMAN
AND THERE WAS PEACE.
LAST NIGHT LOVE

BILL

I STAND
IN THE CENTER OF MY WHIRLPOOL
FEELING FACES .....

MOLDING WITH MOVEMENT
LIKE MUSICAL PROGRESSIONS

AS NOTES OF MY FEELINGS
SCALE THE SPECTRUM OF VIBRATIONS
AND FOR AN INSTANT OUR CENTERS
COLLIDE.
AND KNOWING THE RAINBOW
SPACED BETWEEN OUR EYES.

WE SMILE AND THE CIRCLE
AGAIN IS
COMPLETE

DIANNE

# The Great Rip Off

People are into liberation nowadays. Liberation of oppressed blacks, workers, women, sex mores, students, and amerikkans. That is all very nice; however, the people must get together with themselves and liberate their minds from fascists habits.

One of the most horrible and expensive habits people must break is the cigarette. The small cancer stick one buys in all widths and lengths.

People don't dig the idea of quitting. I didn't. I think the reason for the attitude is due to the fact most people don't care if they live an extra ten years or not. The way things look from 1970 are not very good. This is all the more reason to drop the habit. I am not going to lay an alcohal anoymous rap on you; the rap will lean towards the political crisis in which a drop in cigarettes would be relevant.

Speaking for myself, I was 17 when I began smoking. I am now 19. When I began I started with camel humps. I dug smoking, and in a way, I still must admit could dig a smoke every once and a while. However, when one has the desire to sing his range becomes quite limited because of congestion in his throat and lungs. My congestion led to coughing fits and fights for air. I decided I wanted to live. So it goes.

Sometimes, too many people put too much emphasis on health for a primary reason for quitting. In this day and age of pollution and bad foods, admonishments about bad health from cigarette smoking just becomes a way of life. However, I will stress that smoking fucks up three of our major systems at least. The circulatory, respiratory, and nervous systems. Smokes are depressants not stimulants as most people believe. They put a lot of wear and tear on the old pumper and its related blood vessels. Psychologically, it makes people hyper. They lose all sense of confidence without a smoke and become self-concious. Because of wheezing and shortness of breath they slowly shy away from nature and exercising one's body and become night people. Also, most drinkers smoke. The more smokes the more drinks. Instead of getting into sun and air, they become confined. So it goes.

The most important reason for quitting that I believe, is that we are being ripped off. Ripped off from an economical, political, and moral viewpoint. Economically, the cigarette industry rips off the people by selling inferior tobacco. Most of the tobacco is garbage to begin-with. They are profiting while the poor worker must work as a drone a a tobacco plantation while inflation goes up. Then the government gets into the act with taxes. Cigarettes for the people are very expensive. So it goes.

Politically, the government is taking advantage of the habit, and using it to support their war in indo-China. The government digs the people addicted; it keeps the people dependant and helpless. How can they be free, when the people are cigarette fiends? How can the people stop the inflation happening when they are supporting it?

Morally, smoking makes a person a slave to a dirty expensive habit. But that is not all. J ust think of all the vast land, rich for growing good foods. It is being used to grow tobacco. People could be using it for farms, Earth People's Parks, and living space for an ever growing population. The air is foul and water filled with sewage. People are becoming aware of the rape the Earth is suffering. If you dig the Earth then get yourself together and stop contributing to pollution. It's going to be a hell of an Earth if we have to wear a gas mask every day. When was the last time you really saw the sun? Throw away the cancer stick and be liberated.

And p.s. says Mary McCarthy, instead of smoking the power, put the power in the hands of the people.

Mindless Brawl — Utter Foolishness

## Kesey Calls For Sanity

BERKELEY—He spoke with a slight lisp and complained of a hangover, but the points he made were exact and crystal clear.

The LSD path-finder hippie movement leader, Ken Kesey, said he feels restoring sanity to the people is, in reality, the problem confronting us today. If sanity was regained, Kesey asserted, the Indochina War, the draft and the other social inequities would take care of themselves.

Kesey was speaking at UC Berkeley's Greek Theatre. The audience was attentive and laughed at many of Kesey's stories. He was loudly applauded at the end of his talk.

Pointing out that Berkeley has in the past been a center of violent confrontation between police and students, Kesey said he was glad Berkeley had quieted down and the students, had, at last, assumed the role of the humble victors.

"You have the old people scared shitless," he said; and added, "you have to treat them gently and assure them there is a place for them."

"Violence serves no purpose, but does, in fact, bring about negative effects," he said.

"When I strike out against someone, I find I have already lost," the originator of the electric kool-aid acid test told the group of about 1500. He feels there is something in all of us that makes us strike out and become angry. This thing must be resolved individually.

The news media was picked as another reason violence serves no purpose. If a newsman can get a conflict between two people, he has a story. That's what news is all about. Sensationalism is what sells papers.

Explaining his lisp, Kesey said the last time he was in Berkeley he had an automobile accident and his front tooth was knocked out. He replaced the tooth with an American flag cap, but, Kesey explained, Old Glory was lost forever when it fell into a pile of cottage cheese. The pile—5 gallons to be exact—was being used to catch the "geese on my farm who make too damn much noise, and you can't swim in the lake with the geese shitting all around it."

*Wearing a pair of bright orange socks and a red bandana, he told a series of somewhat unrelated stories which all tied in when he was done.*

When one student became aggravated at Kesey and shouted "Talk about the issues," the confident Kesey responded with, "I am talking about what is important—sanity."

## Rennie's idea takes root

*A mobile Liberation Brigade based in New Haven is now in the process of being formed. It will consist of a group of about a dozen people traveling in New England this summer in an effort to educate and organize.*

*What we want to do is go into a town like New Britain, Waterbury, or Worcester, Massachusetts, and have an assembly in the evening. The whole group will start things off with guerrilla theater. Then a few of us will break out guitars, flutes and other instruments and sing movement songs. Films will follow concerning May Day in New Haven, Cuba, or the Black Panther Party. Some of us will then give raps or speeches - whichever appropriate- on the Panther trials, on the three national demands, and on the general shit coming down in this country.*

*In the audience many will remain unmoved, some will become sympathetic, and a few will be ready and really turned on to the need to organize themselves. These are the people we are trying to get to. After the speeches we hope to break down into small rap sessions and help then form local brigades, to go into the community and get their own thing moving.*

*We hope to be revolutionary Jonny-Appleseeds, energizing new points around New England, The idea is old and some may compare us to traveling groups in the nineteen-thirties. Rennie Davis suggested the present concept of the Liberation Brigade at the National Student Strike Conference in New Haven three weeks ago.*

*We are converting a loft in Wooster Square for our base of operations, and where we will train before traveling. We are committed to collective life and collective political action. Musicians, law student. theater people, the mechanically inclined and others are needed.*

*Interested? Do it!*

*Call 624-0870. Ask for By or Mickey.*

## FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

*Middle Earth:* The best news you'll ever find is news of the nature of your being. Stop following the ways and traditions of society and follow your inner-most self. Life, being an experience of mind is a product of consciousness, or what you make it. Conciousness is not a product of life.

As the musician gains insight the more he follows the way of music, hence the more perfect his music, in the same way if you perfect your insight as to the way of your inner-most being, the more perfect you will be, ergo the more perfect your life for the only guidance there can ever be is the guidance of the true self or inner light.

Once the insight is gained you're not life's slave but life's master, you are now consciously making your world. Everyone will find his own way toward this reality. Look at life as an unripe fruit– don't throw it away and consider it as bad, but put it in the sun and ripen it.

Don't try to avoid dangers, but be fearless in facing them. Don't look to allies but to your own strength. And whether life has meaning or not it is up to us to give it meaning.

## TWO FLAMENCO COPLAS

| | |
|---|---|
| *No preguntes por saber* | Don't ask to know |
| *que el tiempo te lo dira* | For time will tell it to you |
| *no hay cosa mas bonita* | There's nothing nicer |
| *que el saber sin preguntar.* | Than knowing without asking. |
| | |
| *Ful piedra y perdi mi centro* | I was a stone, I lost my center |
| *y m'arrojaron ar ma* | And they threw me into the sea |
| *y ar cabro de mucho tiempo* | And after a long time |
| *mi centro volvi a encontra* | I found my center again. |

**translated by Paul Hecht**

Mister Magic sez It's your trip
-dig it!

## Outasight Little-used Parks Department

*Going up the Naugatuck River Valley toward Waterbury on Rt. 8, North, you come to a place where the road divides and the north-bound lanes go on to an upper level. About ½ mile further on you come to the second pull-off. There are stakes along side the pull-off, but some are removed so that you can drive up a dirt road marked "Egypt Brook Rd."*

*Go a little way in and park. Then walk up the hill. The higher you go the better it gets. At the top there is an UNPOLLUTED stream you can follow. There're moss-floored birch groves, overgrown trails, a blueberry bog.*

*No one was there sunny Sunday, June 7. Just a little litter (it hurts) at a campsite. An old rotting sign on the road says "State Preserve." The land belongs to the people (including chipmunks, squirrels, rabbits, foxes, and falcons) so take care of it. Enjoy it; love it, man, or leave it alone.*

*Dave Weed*
*Alan McKnight*

Gary Snyder

# WHY TRIBE

GOOD NEWS PAGE 2 YEAR 2

We use the term Tribe because it suggests the type of new society now emerging within the industrial nations. In America of course the word has associations with the American Indians, which we like. This new subculture is in fact more similar to that ancient and successful tribe, the European Gypies—a group without nation or territory which maintains its own values, its language and religion, no matter what country it may be in.

The Tribe proposes a totally different style: based on community houses, villages and ashrams; tribe-run farms or workshops or companies; large open families; pilgrimages and wanderings from center to center. A synthesis of Gandhian "village anarchism" and I.W.W. syndicalism. Interesting visionary pamphlets along these lines were written several years ago by Gandhians Richard Gregg and Appa Patwardhan. The Tribe proposes personal responsibilities rather than abstract centralized government, taxes and advertising-agency-plus-Mafia type international brainwashing corporations.

In the United States and Europe the Tribe has evolved gradually over the last fifty years—since the end of World War I—in response to the increasing insanity of the modern nations. As the number of alienated intellectuals, creative types and general social misfits grew, they came to recognize each other by various minute signals. Much of this energy was channeled into Communism in the thirties and early forties. All the anarchists and left-deviationists—and many Trotskyites—were tribesmen at heart. After World War II, another generation looked at Communist rhetoric with a fresh eye and saw that within the Communist governments (and states of mind) there are too many of the same things as are wrong with "capitalism"—too much anger and murder. The suspicion grew that perhaps the whole Western Tradition, of which Marxism is but a (Millennial Protestant) part, is off the track. This led many people to study other major civilizations—India and China—to see what they could learn.

It's an easy step from the dialectic of Marx and Hegel to an interest in the dialectic of early Taoism, the *I Ching,* and the yin-yang theories. From Taoism it is another easy step to the philosophies and mythologies of India—vast, touching the deepest areas of the mind, and with a view of the ultimate nature of the universe which is almost identical with the most sophisticated thought in modern physics—that truth, whatever it is, which is called "The Dharma."

Next comes a concern with deepening one's understanding in an experiential way: abstract philosophical understanding is simply not enough. At this point many, myself included, found in the Buddha-Dharma a practical method for clearing one's mind of the trivia, prejudices and false values that our conditioning had laid on us—and more important, an approach to the basic problem of how to penetrate to the deepest non-self Self. Today we have many who are exploring the Ways of Zen, Vajrayāna, Yoga, Shamanism, Psychedelics. The Buddha-Dharma is a long, gentle, human dialog—2,500 years of quiet conversation—on the nature of human nature and the eternal Dharma—and practical methods of realization.

In the course of these studies it became evident that the "truth" in Buddhism and Hinduism is not dependent in any sense on Indian or Chinese culture; and that "India" and "China"—as societies—are as burdensome to human beings as any others; perhaps more so. It became clear that "Hinduism" and "Buddhism" as social institutions had long been accomplices of the State in burdening and binding people, rather than serving to liberate them. Just like the other Great Religions.

At this point, looking once more quite closely at history both East and West, some of us noticed the similarities in certain small but influential heretical and esoteric movements. These schools of thought and practice were usually suppressed, or diluted and made harmless, in whatever society they appeared. Peasant witchcraft in Europe, Tantrism in Bengal, Quakers in England, Tachikawa-ryū in Japan, Ch'an in China. These are all outcroppings of the Great Subculture which runs underground all through history. This is the tradition that runs without break from Paleo-Siberian Shamanism and Magdalenian cave-painting; through megaliths and Mysteries, astronomers, ritualists, alchemists and Albigensians; gnostics and vagantes, right down to Golden Gate Park.

The Great Subculture has been attached in part to the official religions but is different in that it transmits a community style of life, with an ecstatically positive vision of spiritual and physical love; and is opposed for very fundamental reasons to the Civilization Establishment.

It has taught that man's natural being is to be trusted and followed; that we need not look to a model or rule imposed from outside in searching for the center; and that in following the grain, one is being truly "moral." It has recognized that for one to "follow the grain" it is necessary to look exhaustively into the negative and demonic potentials of the Unconscious, and by recognizing these powers—symbolically acting them out—one releases himself from these forces. By this profound exorcism and ritual drama, the Great Subculture destroys the one credible claim of Church and State to a necessary function.

All this is subversive to civilization: for civilization is built on hierarchy and specialization. A ruling class, to survive, must propose a Law: a law to work must have a hook into the social psyche—and the most effective way to achieve this is to make people doubt their natural worth and instincts, especially sexual. To make "human nature" suspect is also to make Nature—the wilderness—the adversary. Hence the ecological crisis of today.

We came, therefore, (and with many Western thinkers before us) to suspect that civilization may be overvalued. Before anyone says "This is ridiculous, we all know civilization is a necessary thing," let him read some cultural anthropology. Take a look at the lives of South African Bushmen, Micronesian navigators, the Indians of California; the researches of Claude Lévi-Strauss. Everything we have thought about man's welfare needs to be rethought. The tribe, it seems, is the newest development in the Great Subculture. We have almost unintentionally linked ourselves to a transmission of gnosis, a potential social order, and techniques of enlightenment, surviving from prehistoric times.

The most advanced developments of modern science and technology have come to support some of these views. Consequently the modern Tribesman, rather than being old-fashioned in his criticism of civilization, is the most relevant type in contemporary society. Nationalism, warfare, heavy industry and consumership, are already outdated and useless. The next great step of mankind is to step into the nature of his own mind—the real question is "just what is consciousness?"—and we must make the most intelligent and creative use of science in exploring these questions. The man of wide international experience, much learning and leisure—luxurious *product of our long and sophisticated history*—may with good reason wish to live simply, with few tools and minimal clothes, close to nature.

The Revolution has ceased to be an ideological concern. Instead, people are trying it out right now—communism in small communities, new family organization. A million people in America and another million in England and Europe. A vast underground in Russia, which will come out in the open four or five years hence, is now biding. How do they recognize each other? Not always by beards, long hair, bare feet or beads. The signal is a bright and tender look; calmness and gentleness, freshness and ease of manner. Men, women and children—all of whom together hope to follow the timeless path of love and wisdom, in affectionate company with the sky, winds, clouds, trees, waters, animals and grasses—this is the tribe.

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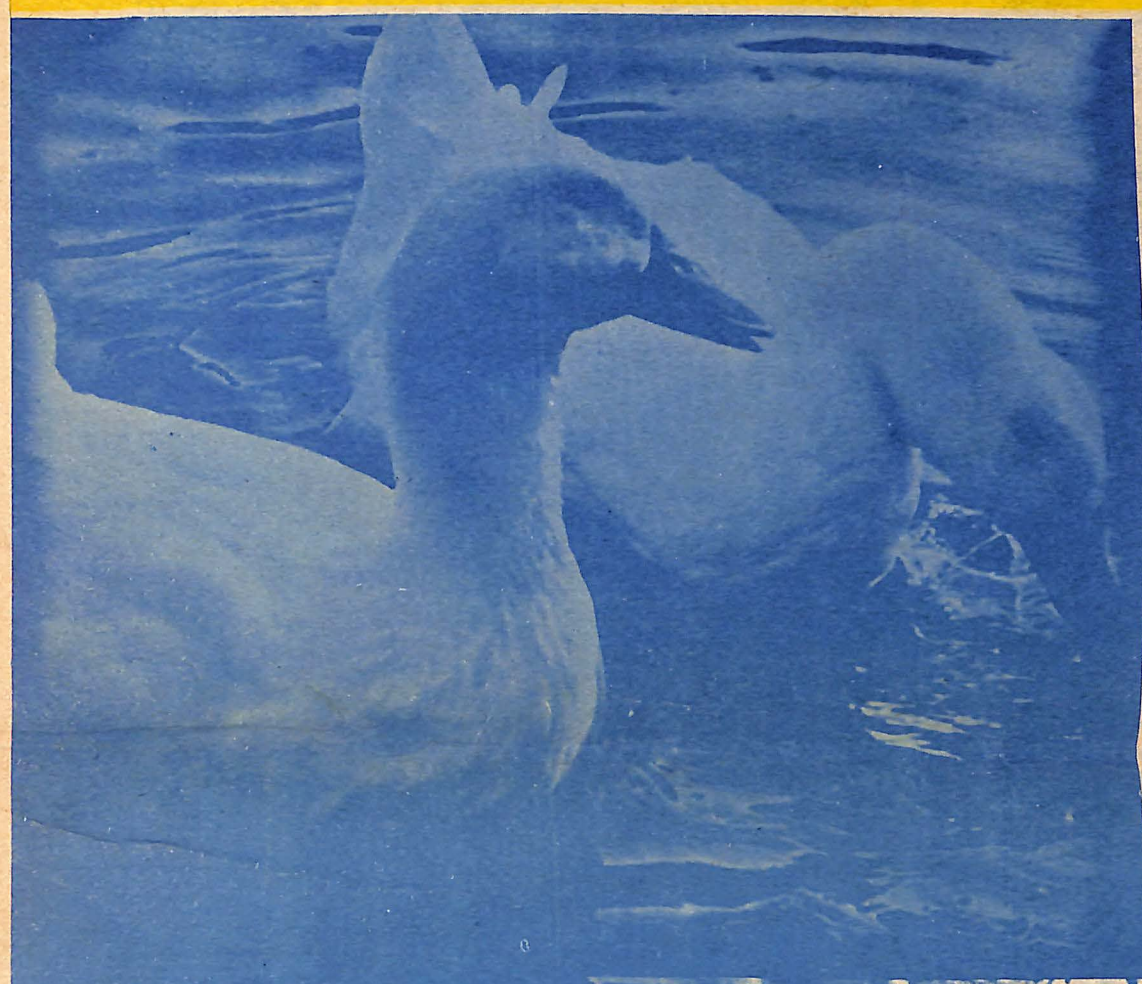
# GOODNEWS